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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES—		Mr. Bull's Orchids 710	Novels 718
Chronicle 699		Money Matters 711	Edinburgh Sketches and Memories 718
The Dissolution 702		French Plays—<i>La Tosca</i> 712	Books on Seventeenth-Century
Bargee and other Cricket 702		The Ladies' Night at the Royal Society 713	Literature 719
Uganda 703		The Weather 713	The Life of Sir Evelyn Wood 721
The Archive House at Weimar 704		Can New Railways be Successful in England? 714	Two Carlyle Books 722
The British Army 705		Exhibitions 715	To Candidates and Others 723
Mr. Morley's Latest Tips 706		Racing 715	A Dangerous Jest 724
The French Royalists 707		A Circular Letter 716	French Literature 724
They went for Wool, and etc. 708			New Books and Reprints 725
MISCELLANEOUS—		REVIEWS—	ADVERTISEMENTS 726-734
Pagliari 708		Curzon's Persia 717	

CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **I**N passing the Army votes on *Friday* week, the House of Commons had a useful and businesslike debate on the state of the army, and on the recommendations of Lord WANTAGE's Committee. Those opinions of Lord ROBERTS of which readers of the *Saturday Review* have had the advantage of knowing something beforehand were freely referred to; and Mr. STANHOPE's remarks on them can only be understood as a promise to make them public, as they should have been made long ago. The SECRETARY for WAR, while paying high compliment to Lord ROBERTS, took exception to that general's views on recruiting as being vitiated by his long absence in India; but we will undertake that, when the public sees the withheld papers, this objection will not be held good. The Civil Service votes were also passed, with the exception of the Irish section, which were held over till Monday.

On *Monday*, when the House of Lords met again, Lord SALISBURY made a reassuring statement about Uganda, to the effect that Captain WILLIAMS was getting within reach of communication, that the fighting in Uganda was ended, and that apparently no French missionaries have been scraped to death with oyster-shells or served up, *farci*s with bell, book, and candle, to the allegories on the banks of the infant Nile. Lord SALISBURY also made (to the address of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, perhaps) the remark that "when the railway was made" there would be no difficulty in holding the country. He then informed their Lordships of the addition to their House of a Duke of YORK. The second reading of the Small Holdings Bill was moved by Lord CADOGAN; criticized frankly, and for the most part rather forcibly, by the Duke of RICHMOND; patronized by Lords SPENCER and KIMBERLEY in the familiar we-don't-dare-oppose-it-but-it-can't-be-good-because-we-didn't-do-it-ourselves manner of Opposition; defended somewhat candidly by the Duke of ARGYLL, and carried without a division. Mr. BALFOUR's much-expected statement in the House of Commons amounted, as the more sensible of the expecters had anticipated, to a confession that, if there was a dissolution about this day week—say, within four days one way or the other from it—he should not be at all sur-

prised. He also marked the Private Bill Bill, as well as the Irish Local Government Bill, for slaughter, and "starred" for preservation several Government and one or two Private Bills. The Irish members were extremely sulky, and threatened dreadful things to the Irish Education Bill in the interests of the Christian Brothers, but let the Irish votes in Supply through with a few growls. Several Bills were also helped along.

In the Upper House on *Tuesday* the mischievous L. C. C. Tramways Bill was read a second time, Lord LAMINGTON's opposition being overruled for the stage, on technical grounds chiefly. The Commons spent a tolerably business-like evening, speeding Bills on their way and dealing with Report of Supply. On the latter Sir JAMES FERGUSON brought before the House and censured, with the assent of the leaders on both sides, the attempt of certain Post-Office servants to put pressure on candidates at the elections. Mr. HOWELL and Mr. STOREY naturally applauded this misconduct.

The threatened battle over the Irish Education Bill ended on *Wednesday* by a compromise which, though we have no particular love for compromises, seems fair enough. It is left to the Education Commissioners and the Christian Brothers to arrange their matters between them, and this is in sufficient accordance with the general principle now observed throughout the country, that the State is to aid properly conducted elementary schools, whatever may be the religious principles of the conductors. It may be a good principle or a bad, but that is not the question. The Ulster members went in at first for no surrender, and the extremer followers of Mr. SEXTON for a complete one; but both afterwards became quite calm and rational. The Appropriation Bill, the beginning of the end, was read a first time.

On *Thursday* the House of Lords practically accepted the Commons Amendments on the Clergy Discipline Bill, furthered some other Bills, and talked about the fluttered feelings of the "rock-scorpions" at Gibraltar in the matter of drains. In the Lower House Mr. BALFOUR pointed out that the mere withdrawal of the Company's officers from Uganda did not in the least imply any alteration of the British sphere of influence. There was some talk on the progress of business; the Irish Education Bill, after a little demur,

was read a third time; Sir W. HART-DYKE made an English education statement, and the House adjourned after speeding Bills on as usual.

Politics out of Parliament. Mr. GOSCHEN spoke at Newton Abbot yesterday week, and exhibited his bill, not of demands made on the country, but of benefits conferred on it by the present Government.—A letter was published this day week expressing Mr. GLADSTONE'S "intense satisfaction" with a Labour candidate for Hull. For all "classes" are not wicked, but only the classes that do not like Mr. GLADSTONE. At Maidstone, on the same day, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL seems to have forgotten his manners and not remembered his wits. He called the Liberal-Unionists Tomfools, which is but rudimentary argument, and tried to bespatter Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Cambridge doctorate. Dr. JOHN MORLEY will hardly thank his learned friend for twirling the mop at Dr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, seeing that it was "done in public" to the two right honourable gentlemen at once.—Early in the week those Nonconformists who are Gladstonians first and Christians afterwards issued a manifesto intended as a counterblast to the appeal of their Irish brethren. When the Nonconformist Council came to discuss this manifesto it lost the services of Mr. BOMPAS, Q.C., who would have nothing to do with Home Rule, and fled, not looking behind him.—On Tuesday Mr. GLADSTONE circularly informed his supporters that he could not supply testimonials, programmes, and the like to each individually, but that he was praying as hard as the wheel would go for the success of the concern generally. And, indeed, what more do they want? Argument he cannot give them; a plan he dare not. Mr. JOHN MORLEY at Plymouth demanded rather peremptorily that the elections shall all be held on Saturday if possible (in order, say wicked little birds, to disfranchise the small town shopkeeper, who is not usually an ardent Gladstonian), and once more was shocked at threats of rebellion in Ulster. It is not generally known that Mr. MORLEY is engaged on a new edition, or rather version, of the celebrated *Patriarcha* of Sir ROBERT FILMER, showing that passive obedience and non-resistance to the natural and fatherly power of a Gladstonian majority of the House of Commons are absolutely incumbent on all, whether Christians, Jews, Turks, Infidels, Heretics, or Salvationists. On the same day the man EVANS, the Gladstonian member of Parliament who refused to stand up at the toast of the QUEEN the other day, defended his conduct, and, we are sorry to see, was not hissed by his constituents, who appear to be worthy of him.—Wednesday was, as it often is, a great day for talking. Mr. MORLEY spoke in Devonshire again, this time at Exeter, and we regret to say that he not only spoke about "the grip of the parson and the squire," but repeated the stale *suggestio falsi* about circuses and village councils which has been explicitly given up by the *Daily News* itself. It really looks as if he was wrong who translated "le parti des honnêtes gens" "the party of Honest JOHNS." The Duke of ARGYLL spoke at Leeds (with much vigour, describing Mr. GLADSTONE as "A mere trap to catch other men; a bait, not a leader"), Sir HENRY JAMES at Bury, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH at Bedford, and others elsewhere. But the speech of the day was Mr. BALFOUR'S at St. James's Hall to the National Union of Conservative Associations, a speech in which the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, as the slang goes, "opened the campaign" regularly for the coming elections.—Mr. GLADSTONE met the Eight-hours delegates on Thursday, and seems to have talked nearly as much good sense to them as was consistent with Mr. SCHNADHORST'S objects. Gladstonian newspapers seem a little inclined to wonder at the good luck of Mr. SHIPTON and his

colleagues, who talked to so great a man and are yet alive.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. At that very funny tamasha which is called a Convention in American politics, Mr. HARRISON was yesterday week adopted as the Republican candidate by a large majority, though a certain Mrs. General CLARKSON waved her parasol and sang a cantata, the libretto of which consisted of the intellectual and soul-stirring words—

Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!

by the space of five-and-twenty calendar minutes. The French papers of Saturday last were naturally filled with appreciations or depreciations of the Royalist manifesto. More charges against Mr. MERCIER, bad news of cholera in the East, and rumours of revolts in Afghanistan completed the news of the day.—On Monday morning there were noises about the abandonment of Uganda, and a state of siege in Spain (at Barcelona), but nothing very definite.—The foreign news of Tuesday morning was chiefly gossip or anticipation.—Wednesday brought something more positive in the result of the Belgian elections. Although the Liberals have made no small gains, chiefly in Brussels, they are still far outnumbered in both Chambers by the Clericals. The proportions, however, will make the proposed revision of the Constitution difficult, and may increase the influence of the extremists on either side. The text of the Portuguese decree declaring qualified repudiation was published; French and German anti-Semites were much in evidence, or in gossip, and the Democratic Convention in America was beginning to succeed the Republican in interest.—On Wednesday the irrepressible M. DRUMONT, who is always going about Jew-baiting and to Jew-bait with pen or sword, was cast at Paris in an action for libel brought by M. BURDEAU, and had to hear himself described, with much faithfulness and unction, by the Public Prosecutor as a "public calumniator and a maleficent fool." The German Minister at Lisbon started what will most likely be a series of official protests on the part of foreign Powers against the extremely Skimpolian fashion in which Portugal is dealing with her creditors. The Russian newspapers were still very angry about Prince FERDINAND'S English visit, and reports of refugees from the Equatorial Province went to show that the charges of the White Fathers against Captain LUGARD are unfounded.—Yesterday morning it was reported that France had resolved to blockade the coast as an operation against Dahomey, and that the Spaniards were jealous of Sir EUAN SMITH'S success in Morocco. But the Don mistakes his enemies altogether; it is France, not England, that he has to fear there.

The Law Courts. Another vacancy on the Bench has been caused by the retirement of Lord Justice FRY, and the promotion of Mr. Justice A. L. SMITH in his room. The retiring Lord Justice was an able man, a good lawyer, and a student of laws divine as well as laws human. But it is surely a mistake (pardonable when dissolutionitis is in the air) to present, with a daily newspaper, his work on "The Doctrine of Elections" as "theology." Election in the singular may be theological, in the plural it is anthropological exceedingly.—The interesting DE WAHULL peerage case began before the Lords on Tuesday, on which day, at Bow Street, Mr. GILL, for the Treasury, gave a sketch of the curious operations upon authors for the last of which certain persons are now in trouble. These may be new to the general public, though they have been watched with much amusement and some indignation by the knowing for years, and exposed more than once.

The Arnold Memorial. A very influential meeting was held on Monday to arrange for a memorial to Dr. ARNOLD, of Rugby, in Westminster Abbey. No one

need make any very stubborn objection, for ARNOLD was a remarkable man, he had a great influence, and he has stood a fair probation for this minor beatitude. The *advocatus diaboli*, indeed, will be in no difficulty. He will point out that in theology and politics ARNOLD was one of those singularly unsatisfactory persons who unsettle the convictions of others without having any clear or settled convictions themselves; that in pedagogy he went perilously near to be a manufacturer of prigs, and started, if only half-consciously, a system of pawing boys' minds about, which is capable of being pushed, and has been pushed, to very disastrous results. But he meant much good, and he did some.

Cambridge. Despite the inauspicious death of an undergraduate of Christ's by lightning yesterday week, the ceremonies at Cambridge which greeted the presence of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE for the first time since his election to the Chancellorship went off successfully. Degrees were conferred, among others, on the Duke of EDINBURGH, LORD CRANBROOK, SIR HENRY JAMES, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, MR. JOHN MORLEY, and MR. LESLIE STEPHEN. On Monday a Latin installation ode—the words by Dr. VERRALL, an excellent scholar, and the music by Dr. STANFORD, an excellent musician—was performed in the Duke's honour and presence.

Yachting. In the R.T.Y.C. match from the Nore to Dover this day week the *Iverna* beat the *Meteor*, partly by luck, in a stiff breeze, and some sea. These conditions did not favour the *Queen Mab's* centreboard, and she was beaten for the forty prize both by the *Corsair* and the *Thalia*. On Monday, in the Cinque Ports Regatta, the *Iverna* repeated her victory, without any undue luck, and so did the *Corsair*; while in a mixed handicap race which was also sailed Lord DUNRAVEN'S *L'Espérance* won, without time allowance, from the big yawl *Lethe* and five other boats. In the Channel race, next day, the yachts had a rough time of it, the *Varuna* being dismasted and the *Iverna* partially disabled. The *Lethe*, with the usual advantage of her size and rig in rough weather, came in first; while the *Queen Mab* after all justified centreboards in a sea by taking the first prize with time allowance.

Racing. The Manchester Cup, a good prize fought for by not the best horses, went yesterday week to MR. MAPLE'S Balmoral, after a very close race with MR. MARSHALL'S The Hudson.—The owners of Curio, St. Damien, and Bonavista must have rather repented that they sent none of their horses over for the Grand Prix on Sunday. That valuable prize added one more to the topsyturveyings of form which have characterized the great three-year-old races of the year. In the Prix du Jockey Club (French Derby) Baron SCHICKLER'S Chêne Royal had beaten all the horses who ran last Sunday hollow, and it was known that his stable companion, Fra Angelico, would have beaten him hollow if he had not been pulled up. So Fra Angelico was naturally made a strong favourite. On the other hand, M. CAMILLE BLANC'S Bucentaure had run very well and M. EDMOND BLANC'S Rueil very badly in the English Derby. All this was completely reversed on Sunday, when Rueil won, after a hard race, with Curio, Chêne Royal being three lengths behind, and Fra Angelico quite beaten off.—Ascot opened on Tuesday with cold weather and a closed Royal Pavilion, but otherwise well. The Prince of Wales's Stakes did not bring out Sir Hugo, and its result embroiled the three-year-old form more than ever; for Baron HIRSCH'S Watercress, who was thought nothing of, won by a length, neither Bonavista nor The Lover (who, it is true, fell) being anywhere near. MR. JERSEY'S Milford won the Coventry Stakes, for two-year-olds; while Lord CALTHORPE'S Buckingham secured the other two-year-old race, the Thirty-fifth

Biennial, rather well. The Gold Vase fell to Martagon, and the Ascot Stakes to Billow. For the chief race of Wednesday, the Royal Hunt Cup, the (in these days) very large field of twenty-five horses turned out. As usual this year, an outsider, MR. McCALMONT'S Suspender, had it all his own way, winning by four lengths. MR. MAPLE'S Minting Queen won the Fernhill Stakes, more or less as she liked; that very uncertain horse Curio was beaten by Sir R. JARDINE'S Llanthony for the Ascot Derby, and the Coronation Stakes went to Colonel NORTH'S Lady Hermit. On Thursday the Derby winner, at even weights, could only run third to St. Angelo and Watercress for the St. James's Palace Stakes; the Gold Cup, reduced to a match in these days of fancy for fluky scurries, was won, as he liked, by Buccaneer from the Frenchman Ermak; MR. HOULDSWORTH'S good horse, Orviato, won the Rous Memorial Stakes; and MR. ROSE'S Lorette, by very bad luck, lost the Thirtieth New Biennial.

Cricket and Tennis. Both Universities were fortunate in their matches with counties, decided yesterday week. Oxford had, against Somerset, by far the easier task; but MR. FRY'S 110 against MR. WOODS'S bowling was no common exploit. Cambridge also showed a first-class freshman in MR. LATHAM, who made 64 and 54 against Surrey, while MR. JACKSON, the captain, was equally good at the wicket, with the ball, and in the field. On the following day Yorkshire beat Leicestershire and Middlesex Gloucestershire. The scoring in this latter match was immense, one Middlesex bat, MR. SCOTT, having made 224 in the single innings. Lancashire v. Kent was drawn. On Tuesday Surrey beat Middlesex by eight wickets, despite some very fine batting from MR. STODDART and MR. THESIGER. Sussex had the better of Gloucestershire, and Notts of Warwick; while Somerset put a rather different complexion on the success of Oxford last week by beating Cambridge, in a twelve-aside match, by nearly two hundred runs. The winning team, however, was not strictly a county one, and had some luck, for MR. WOODS, who made 103 in his second innings, ought to have been caught early; but his bowling and TYLER'S were quite too much for the University bats, except Messrs. WEIGALL and DOUGLAS. Yorkshire and Kent prolonged their match into Wednesday, when Yorkshire "declared" its second innings with two wickets to fall, and Kent came 136 short of making up the balance against it.—A very interesting match at tennis was played this day week at the Queen's Club, between MR. LYTTLETON and LATHAM, on even terms, the amateur winning by three sets to one.

Correspondence. A long and important letter from Sir J. B. LAWES appeared in the *Times* of this day week on the prospects of small holdings under the new Bill. As might be expected, Sir JOHN is not hopeful. He knows too much about it.—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has disclaimed what we thought was the fairest flower in his knightly basnet—the credit of destroying Lord CROSS'S London Water Bill.

Miscellaneous. Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria took luncheon with the LORD MAYOR yesterday week, when also the Irish Nonconformists in conclave declared strongly against Home Rule.—Reports were published from Major MARINDIN saying what everybody has said about the Easter Bank Holiday accident at the Hampstead Station, and from MR. PELHAM, recommending that some other site than that of the obnoxious New Forest rifle-ranges should be chosen.—In the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos MR. COWELL of Trinity was Senior Wrangler.—There was some interesting *bric-à-brac* and picture-selling at the end of last week. Divers pieces of RIESNER and GOUTHIERE furniture from the DE FOZ collection fetched, not indeed the *prix fous* of the

HAMILTON sale, but close upon a thousand a piece, while a Sir JOSHUA (of Mrs. FITZHERBERT) was sold for 1,650 guineas.—A serious collision, with some loss of life and much more damage, took place at Bishops-gate Station on Tuesday.—Mr. WHITMORE, M.P., has been made second Church Estates Commissioner, in the room of Sir HENRY SELWIN IBKETSON, and Lord HANNEN, with Sir JOHN THOMPSON as his Canadian colleague, British arbitrator in the Behring Sea business.—The Royal Society's *Conversazione* was held on Wednesday, with many distinguished guests, and there was much science in play with burning nitrogen, egg-crushing snakes, and so on.—Mr. CLIFFORD HARRISON has given seven of the fourteen recitals at Steinway Hall he has promised us. His reputation as a reciter is well established, well known, and well deserved. He is giving specially attractive programmes with much variety in them, showing to what extent he can at will be grave or gay, or give "a passionate speech."

Obituary. Captain STAIRS, who has died in Africa, was much before the public as one of the ablest and best conducted of Mr. STANLEY's lieutenants in the EMIN Expedition. He had been at similar work in Katanga, of the details of which little is yet known.—Mr. SANDERSON was one of the greatest of Indian elephant hunters, and probably knew the still wild forests of the peninsula better than any one else.

Books, &c. The handsome edition of HOWELL'S *Letters*, edited, for the first time carefully, by Mr. JOSEPH JACOBS (Nutt), which was, unless we mistake, either partially or privately issued some two years ago, has been published complete this week.—All Englishmen who love books will learn with profound regret that the Althorp Library is to be sold.

THE DISSOLUTION.

TO any one who had not measured the depths to which the perversity of faction can descend it might have seemed impossible that Mr. BALFOUR's statement with reference to the dissolution should provoke cavil. It is true that he did not fix the exact day on which that event would take place, but he made perfectly clear the impossibility of doing so; which might, one would have thought, have been considered enough. The nervous anxiety of the Gladstonians, however, appears to have affected their tempers, and they have bestowed a quite extraordinary amount of minutely carping criticism on the substance, the language, and even the manner of Mr. BALFOUR's announcement. They have complained of the terms in which he notified the withdrawal of Government measures, and of the exercise of Ministerial discretion as regards those with which it has been resolved to proceed. They are dissatisfied with the very phrases used by him to define the narrow limits of time within which the dissolution can take place, and they more than insinuate that the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY has allowed himself that margin with the sinister purpose of so at last fixing the date of dissolution as to prevent the polling in the borough constituencies from taking place on Saturday; when, as is well known, the workman—who is never anything but Gladstonian, and leaves off work on other days in the week a good two hours before the legal close of the poll—is alone able to record his vote. The ingenuous member for Hoxton, who not only desired Mr. BALFOUR to take special steps to insure the availability of Saturday, but also apparently expected him to inform all returning officers that if they had the slightest desire to prove themselves "in touch with the people" they would at once fix the polling everywhere on Saturday, is only a little more out-

spoken than his fellows. What else could Mr. BALFOUR say in reply than (substantially) that he had no more to do with the returning officers than the hon. member for Hoxton himself, that he was not aware of any statutory ground on which he could influence their discretion, and that it would, in his opinion, be highly inexpedient that the Government should declare their opinion that the discretion of returning officers should be used in such a way. That the Radical cannot see the "inexpediency" of doing anything to help his own side is one of his most endearing characteristics. Yet what would he say if a Minister hinted to a returning officer that in his opinion it would be undesirable to hold an election on Saturday because it would have the effect of disfranchising a good many shopkeepers? He would be profoundly shocked we know; but why? Where is the difference?

This complaint, however, against Mr. BALFOUR on this score is, after all, only an offshoot of the grumble about his leaving the day of dissolution unfixed; and this again is connected with the captious objections to the course taken by the Government with respect to the engagements of public business. The new Bills which the Leader of the House announced are of a strictly non-contentious character, and their addition to the list of outstanding measures cannot be said to encumber it to any appreciable extent. On the other hand the withdrawal of the Irish Local Government Bill and the Private Bills Procedure Bill has cleared the way before the only other measure which yielded even an excuse for controversy—the Irish Education Bill. But after Mr. SEXTON's announcement of his intention to offer his "most strenuous opposition to this Bill in all its future stages," it is absurd to complain of Mr. BALFOUR for not being more precise in his dates. Unless the Bill had been dropped there and then, which the Government were naturally unwilling to do without some further attempt at compromise, such as actually occurred, they were bound to contemplate the possibility of their having to test the seriousness of Mr. SEXTON's threat in Committee; and with debates of this kind in prospect, to say nothing of the discussion which some of the Opposition had already got up on one of the "starred" Bills, it was clearly impossible for a Minister to fix the date of dissolution to a day. It might be done yesterday, it might not be done till next week; but the doing must clearly depend on circumstances not wholly, or even mainly, under Mr. BALFOUR's control.

BARGEE AND OTHER CRICKET.

ONE side of a story is good till the other is heard. Last week in an article on "Small Boys' Cricket" we commented on a letter to the *Times* in which "Anonymous" censured a Big Bargee of a schoolmaster. This person, of prodigious weight for his inches, was described as a kind of adult WACKFORD SQUEERS realizing the dream of his youth, "My, won't I make the boys whistle!" He bullied a mere DAVID of a bowler, a youth of eleven summers, assiduously hitting him over the wall. The moral was that he should hit a bowler of his own weight, if a bowler so ponderous was to be found. The Bargee has replied, and very briefly explained the state of affairs. One school challenged another, "with two masters." The Bargee and his Head-master, being challenged, disapproved, and were reluctant to come to the crease. The challengers persisted, the match was played, and the Bargee's side won by a single notch. There was, thus, nothing unmanly in the performance. It remains true that this kind of match, as the Bargee said from the first, is a blunder. Children of tender years and shins should not bowl at

twenty-two paces; nor should they be bowled at by their elders in a frantic manner. If Mr. EVANS or Mr. WOODS were obliged, by the sacred call of honour, to get rid of a team of infants as fast as they could, the result would be a mere massacre of the innocents. It was bad enough for Cambridge when Mr. EVANS's blood was up; and last year Mr. WOODS came within an ace of homicide—justifiable, indeed, but in calmer moments likely to prove matter for regret.

Now, the sacred call of honour bids a man win a match against another school, if he can; so he bowls his best, and so the field is likely to be strewn with the corpses of children, *morts sur le champ d'honneur*. Thus, for all reasons, there should be no contests of little fellows with masters against other little fellows with masters. As to the question of distances and undersized balls, it may, perhaps, be regulated by the M.C.C. or by a convention of preparatory schoolmasters. In cricket last week was interesting enough. The match of Middlesex against Gloucestershire proved Middlesex to be very strong. Gloucestershire had her professionals and two new lights, Mr. KITCAT and Captain LUARD. Neither of these did much; but W. G. was equal to himself, and, perhaps, was unlucky in the manner of his exodus. Mr. RATCLIFFE is in very exquisite batting form. On the other side, spectators came forth for to see Mr. O'BRIEN. But great TIMOTHEUS had to yield the crown to Mr. SCOTT. Mr. O'BRIEN never got set, nor did Mr. STODDART. Mr. SCOTT amassed the colossal score of 224; but we prefer one hour of Mr. O'BRIEN, Mr. SCOTT having little of the champagne cricket in his sound but not very attractive style. Almost everybody scored, including RAWLIN, a tower of strength in all ways, Mr. NEPEAN, Mr. HENERY, and PHILLIPS. W. G. got no wickets—not for want of trying—and E. M.'s slows were extravagantly costly.

In University cricket Oxford began in a very resolute manner against M.C.C., and Mr. FRY, the Freshman long desired, made more than a hundred runs in his first innings. But M.C.C. "saw them and went better," and the second innings of Oxford only proved—that we have long suspected—that Mr. BERKELEY can bat as well or better than another when he likes. They might put him in first, when, if he made a long score, he would have time to rest before he began to bowl. When a man goes in last, he is apt not to bat in a serious spirit. Mr. BERKELEY also bowled well, and with Mr. WILSON and Mr. FRYER on his day is the mainstay of Oxford in that department. Mr. PALAIRET makes a goodly number of runs; but Mr. RICHMOND has not been lucky of late. Somerset were very well beaten by Oxford, in spite of Mr. WOODS, who is as dangerous an adversary "as any in Illyria," and has a special feud against Oxford. Somerset, on the other hand, thanks to Mr. WOODS, who made over a hundred, defeated Cambridge, which had just triumphed over Surrey at the Oval, in a manner most vigorous and encouraging. Mr. LATHAM is a freshman at least equivalent to Mr. FRY. The running is, therefore, very in and out; Surrey beat Oxford, and Cambridge beat Surrey, but were beaten by Somerset, which was beaten by Oxford. On the whole, the victory over Surrey makes the light blue seem the better choice. Neither side has a bowler like Mr. WOODS, but the Cambridge batting is more to be depended upon. Report speaks highly of Oxford fielding.

On another class of cricket, that of boys in town and urban clubs, the London Playing Fields Committee has issued its Second Annual Report. We think that the more cricketers know of this good work, the more they will support it in every way. We all see the improvised cricket of street boys, with a chalked set of stumps on a wall, or a piled-up heap of coats, for wickets. These are touching exhibitions of the right spirit under difficulties.

The Playing Fields Committee tries to get wider grounds, and has introduced for practice pitches on matting, surrounded by nets, where open spaces are scarce. Among the subscribers are many bearing names well known in the game. The Duke of YORK is President, Mr. CHANDOS LEIGH is Chairman, and Mr. E. N. BUXTON Honorary Treasurer. Every cricketer who wants to encourage a manly and wholesome game may do so by directing his bankers to pay his subscription to the account of the London Playing Fields Committee, with Messrs. BARCLAY, RANSOM, & Co., 1 Pall Mall East. It is, perhaps, better to forward this command before forgetting the address. Why, even Vestries and the London County Council are doing their best on the side of the London Playing Fields Committee. Some 10,000*l.* is still wanted to secure the last possible twenty acres within the four-mile radius. The Paddington Vestry has behaved in a noble and sportsmanlike spirit, but there is still a deficit. Cricketers, we are convinced, will gladly aid the only old institution that is really flourishing. The more playing fields in the world, the better will be the world's health and temper.

UGANDA.

WE still know very little about the real state of that interesting country to the north of the Victoria Nyanza which has had the good fortune to unite Frenchmen and Germans in upbraiding of brutal and perfidious Albion. Lord SALISBURY was, indeed, able on Monday night to give some little intelligence, but it dated rather far back; and the British East Africa Company has put out a woful declaration that, its poverty but not its will consenting, Uganda must be abandoned. But the announcement that fighting has ceased will not, we fear, satisfy the disinterested friends of the White Fathers, since it is coupled with the assertion that terms had been, or were about to be, arranged with MWANGA, that the English missionaries were in Uganda, and the French missionaries in the Bukoba district. Alas! the arrangement of terms with MWANGA, that spotless convert to the true Church, is exactly what apostles *à la LAVIGERIE* fear. They would like this interesting person (whose venial error in exterminating a "Protestant" Bishop has long been purged by his admission to the fold) to be a means of establishing an entirely different state of things, the French missionaries being in Uganda, and the English anywhere else—say with Bishop HANNINGTON himself. And, though they might be very much pleased at the idea of the abandonment, Lord SALISBURY's cheerful anticipation—that when "the railway is made the country can be held easily enough" by England—is itself enough to make either a French or a German Chauvinist foam at the mouth.

We are sorry to find a member of the House of Lords like Lord HERRIES lending himself to be the mouth-piece of sectarian and foreign spite. Lord HERRIES, indeed, was careful to say that he expressed no opinion. But his very statement—that it was "incredible that English officers should be capable of such conduct"—is committing. What conduct? We have pointed out before now that, except the vaguest and widest insinuation, no charges at all have been brought against English officers by any eyewitness. The good priest who complained last, when his complaints were sifted, turned out to have nothing to say, except that it was shocking that good Frenchmen should be under the thumb of wicked Englishmen; that Captain WILLIAMS had saved his life (which was abominable), had told him he might go away if he liked (which was more abominable still), and had given him or somebody else a bed which was not made of down

nor upholstered with damask. All the rest of it came simply to this, that factions in Uganda had taken the names of Protestants and Catholics, as they might have taken those of Caravats and Shanavests, that the "Catholics" had got the worst of it, and that they were very angry. There may, of course, be worse than this behind; but if there is, all the industry and all the Anglophobia of Paris and Berlin have not succeeded in putting it into definite shape, or producing any evidence of it. On the other hand, reports *via* the Equatorial Province, to which it would be rash to attach implicit credence, but which are as good as others, assert that Captains LUGARD and WILLIAMS simply did their duty. There is, indeed, no doubt that the "Protestant" missionaries may have been quite as indiscreet (to use no worse language) as the "Catholic." Letters have actually been published from representatives of the Church Missionary Society, in which "Roman Catholicism" is contrasted with and opposed to "Christianity" in a manner which at home would be merely idiotic and indecent, but which, in such a powder-magazine as Uganda, is positively wicked. But England has nothing to do with the Church Missionary Society as such. It has much to do with the British East Africa Company as such, and it is the duty of that Company and its representatives to keep an even hand between the rivals.

Still, while we think the complaints absurd as they stand, and are sorry that any Englishman should take them up, we are very far from admiring the conduct of the managers of the British East Africa Company. These alarmist announcements that Uganda must be abandoned, these undertakings to keep it on a little longer for a little money, and these iterations of the necessity of abandonment, are, to say the least, not dignified. We have always given such support as rational and disinterested persons might to the Company system, though we have not disguised from ourselves or from others its drawbacks and dangers. But we expect a Company which is aiming at and exercising quasi-Imperial authority to count the cost before it acts, to show itself worthy of the responsibilities it undertakes, and not alternately to adopt a daring policy "for a consideration," and to shriek out "This burden is too heavy for us!" It may be all perfectly true that the Company's capital is so much, its dividends so little, and the like. But these are matters for its own consideration and that of investors in it, not for the public as the public. Its managers, we presume, signified their willingness (it certainly seemed that they did so) to undertake the Anglification of this great sphere. Elaborate arrangements were made for their benefit with Germany, with Italy, and others. A sum of money, not large, indeed, but something in the arrangements of modern Parliamentary England, has been voted to help them. They have had the assistance of Imperial forces on the coast. The arrangements of Great Britain with an old ally or protégé have been modified and adjusted to suit their interests. English officers have been lent them—a proceeding which, if it does not formally, does informally, commit the country to their action. And then we are told that they have spent the money given them by the Exeter Hall subscribers (who, by the way, may doubt whether they had a good penn'orth) and must abandon Uganda. It was not *hac arte* that "John Company" conquered Hindustan, and, as we wish well to British enterprise everywhere, we must hope that the East Africa directors will adopt a different course from that which they purpose. No doubt, it may be said that the threat to abandon Uganda is only intended to make the public rally once more round the Company, but this would make matters rather worse than better. It is not worthy of a body which has accepted what some would call proconsular powers to

play the part of *condottieri* to a Missionary Society and stop work when the pay is exhausted; nor is it worthy of such a body to put hands to the plough and take them off again so lightly and capriciously. It should, in any case, be the care of any English Government that no European nation but England gets command of the uppermost waters of the Nile. But if this care is to redound to the advantage of the British East Africa Company in the future, that Company must show itself worthy in the present. If the news by the Nile is correct, it has an opportunity of controlling, not merely Uganda and Unyoro, but the Equatorial Province. It is unworthy of its political position if it neglects this opportunity, and it is unworthy of its commercial character if it cannot make the opportunity pay.

THE ARCHIVE HOUSE AT WEIMAR.

A PROJECT, far-reaching in its importance to literature, as well as extremely interesting in its origin and development, has just been set on foot in Germany by admirers of the Fatherland's great duumvirate, mostly members of the *Goethe-Gesellschaft* and others interested in preserving to Weimar her traditional and proper position as the centre of German literature.

The plan is simply this:—to place in the hands of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of SAXE-WEIMAR, on the occasion of their golden wedding (October 8 of this year), as large a sum as possible towards the erection of an Archive House in Weimar for the literary relics of GOETHE and SCHILLER, together with an appreciative and sympathetic address from the contributors, and thus repay in spirit the labour of love which the Grand Duchess, supported by the advice and sympathy of her august husband, has undertaken single-handed in the interests of German literature. The following short account of the origin of the archives will bring home to our readers the literary and historical importance of the structure now in process of building, as well as the appropriateness of placing the public's contribution in the hands of the Grand Duchess on the occasion of her golden wedding.

On the death of WALTER VON GOETHE, the poet's last surviving descendant, the family mansion, together with its artistic and natural collections, were left to the care of the Weimar Government, and have now been converted into the well-known Goethe Museum. The GOETHE family archives, on the other hand, containing all the literary remains of the poet and his family, manuscripts, letters, &c., were bequeathed to the Grand Duchess as sole heiress and administratrix, who, with a conscientious realization of the responsibility of her new trust, determined upon the immediate preparation of the long-dreamt-of monumental edition of GOETHE's works *at her own expense*. For this purpose an apartment was fitted up in the Weimar Palace, where the priceless papers were placed in competent hands for compilation. Furthermore, documents of all kinds relating in any way to GOETHE were diligently sought and advertised for, with the satisfactory result that the archives have largely increased in bulk and value, and the great edition already gives promise of becoming one of the most magnificent literary triumphs of the age. It speedily became clear that the GOETHE archives contained the germ of literary possibilities far wider in scope than the cult of GOETHE alone, and with this inspiring prospect in view, SCHILLER's grandson, Baron VON GLEICHEN-RUSSWURM, a gentleman fully in touch with the best traditions and aspirations of literature and art, and himself a painter

of recognized excellence, presented to the *Goethe-Archiv* the priceless original manuscripts of his illustrious grandfather, since which generous act the institution bears the title *Goethe- und Schiller-Archiv*, and has already become a Mecca for savants of all nations.

This splendid idea of a general comprehensive German literary archive once adopted, obviously the next step was to erect a suitable building, large enough to contain eventually the literary legacies of all German authors. At this juncture this art-loving Grand Duchess again comes forward and takes upon herself the task which by right should be that of the Imperial Government. She has adopted the plans, guaranteed the funds, and begun the construction of a very extensive Archive House to preserve for ever the precious manuscripts of German writers of every class.

The manner in which this lady, with no initiative but her own sense of art and what is art's due, has taken upon herself, not only the expense, but the personal care and protection, of this grand enterprise, reminds one instinctively of the art-fostering courts of the *cinquecento*; it has, as HERMAN GRIMM, her trusted friend and adviser, says, in a letter received not long ago, "etwas im höheren historischen Sinne bewunderungswürdiges." Only one possessing the peculiar character of the Grand Duchess could carry on a work of this kind so successfully; for, without being in any sense a *femme savante*, she is an extremely cultivated and well-informed lady, and as fully conscious of the dignity and responsibility of her position in the German Athens as was CARL AUGUST himself before her. Like him, she looks upon money only as a means to be employed for ideal ends, and she possesses the wonderful gift of keeping the real purpose of her task ever before her eyes. Equipped with the tact, energy, and farsightedness of a statesman, the result of her efforts cannot fail to be an institution, neither university nor academy, but a laboratory for the practical study of literature such as neither Germany nor any other nation has ever possessed.

It was not to be expected that so proud a people as the Germans would content themselves with the rôle of merely interested and approving spectators, while a philanthropic lady, not even by birth a German (being a sister of the late King of HOLLAND), built for them their literary palaces. It was, therefore, a natural and graceful thought to take advantage of the approaching golden wedding of their benefactress, symbolically to express the gratitude and appreciation due to her from the German people. The sum collected is meant also to signify the desire, the right, may the *duty*, of the people to contribute to this great national undertaking; and, although her Royal Highness, fortunately wealthy, has never reckoned upon any pecuniary assistance, still, so elaborate are the accepted plans for the Archive House and its accessories, that the money will be eminently acceptable. At the same time it should be borne in mind that it is *not so much money* that is wanted as *names*. No matter how small the sum given may be, if even but half-a-crown, it will always be an honour to have contributed to the success of an enterprise which must prove of vast importance to the whole intellectual world. Time and space fail us adequately to point out the *international* importance of the Weimar Archive (the latest additions to which are the letters of EMERSON and BANCROFT to HERMAN GRIMM, presented by that gentleman), but it must be evident to every one with a true appreciation of the great and salutary influence of German thought upon universal literature, that this institution, so far from being merely provincial, is in reality a *world's enterprise*, the more so on account of the broad and liberal spirit in which it has been conceived and will be conducted.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

THE form of the little book which Mr. STANHOPE has fathered (*The British Army and Our Defensive Position in 1892*. London: KEGAN PAUL & Co.) has a curious smack of SULLY'S Memoirs, which were supposed to be recounted to that illustrious man by an appreciative and right-minded secretary. It is founded on Mr. STANHOPE'S speeches and memoranda, it has a preface by him, and it recounts his words and deeds. Yet it is not written by him, but by some modest gentleman who preserves a discreet anonymity. What we have here then is, in fact, an official *apologia*, delivered in a somewhat indirect way. Whether this is the style in which one of HER MAJESTY'S Principal Secretaries of State should address the world is a question we might conceivably answer in the negative, if we cared to spend time in answering it at all.

As regards the substance of the book, it possesses, and can possess, no originality, being necessarily no more than a summary of a long series of very optimistic official statements. We are not in the least concerned to deny that the account it gives of the condition of the army compares very favourably, in point of sanity, with the wildly excited talk which has abounded within the last few months. This, however, is not saying very much. If the pamphlet is judged on its own merits, one might pick faults easily enough, both with its facts and its reasoning. For example, Mr. STANHOPE'S anonymous friend undertakes to show by figures that our "normal battalion" compares very favourably with the French or German, "in point of the numbers upon which it can depend for service in war without the "Reserve." He has no difficulty, of course, in proving that the English battalion has the larger proportion of men of over three years' service. This, however, teaches very little as to the actual value of our battalion until we know what proportion of those under three years of service are also under twenty years of age. The apologist again makes much of the praise given to a young battalion of the Guards by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE for their smart drill. We confess that this does not greatly move us. A battalion of boys of twelve may be taught to drill very prettily. Again much is made of the fact that in countries which have universal suffrage, men are taken who are below our standard of size. But a battalion of weedy English boys would run much taller than a battalion of seasoned Gourkhas. Which would look best at the end of a month's campaign? The complaint about our recruits is not that they run smaller than the smallest men of races of less average size than our own. It is that they are too often far below our own average. Besides the foreign army can rely on quantity to make good defects in quality, and we cannot.

We might in a similar way go through all Mr. STANHOPE'S book (for it is his, of course) and find no insuperable difficulty in showing that it does not prove as much as he clearly thinks it does. It may be allowed, however, that it proves a good deal. We can quite easily believe with Mr. STANHOPE that the British army is not a mere beggarly display of empty ranks, but a force which does regularly more work than any other in the world. Much has been done by the War Office in Mr. STANHOPE'S own time to improve its armament and position in various ways. The SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR may claim his share of credit, and we shall not deny it to him, though it might be necessary to remind him that there are items on the other side of the account, and one very serious one under the head of "Royal Horse Artillery." One merit he shows in this little volume which is not over-common in official views of the army. Mr. STANHOPE has a thoroughly clear idea of what it is he expects the home army to do. He has, we gather,

quite made up his mind that the part of the army on service at home must be considered as little more than a training school for the Indian and Colonial drafts and for the Reserve. The question whether this is enough is too large to be argued here. We must be content to point out that this is not what was intended when the changes of twenty years ago were introduced. It was certainly not the intention that the active home army should consist mainly of reserve, which is so far the case now that we have to call men back to the colours for our little wars, as may be seen by a table published at the end of Mr. STANHOPE'S treatise. Still it is something to find a SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR who does know what he wants. It has been too often the case that the official mind is greatly in the dark on that point.

Mr. STANHOPE has naturally a good deal to say on the subject of recruiting, and, what is also natural, it is of a very optimistic character. He is of opinion that we can get as many recruits as we want, and that they are of a sufficiently good quality. The SECRETARY blandly pooch-poochs the complaint that the men who enlist are misled as to the terms they are to receive. If they are deceived by the well-known placard, they are, he holds, much to blame, because there is a little pamphlet which will explain everything, and can be bought cheap at every post-office. THOMAS ATKINS is told that his vegetables and groceries will be "provided for by a small daily stoppage of pay." Provided by a small daily stoppage is good—very good and official indeed. Mr. STANHOPE does not think the soldier feels deceived at all. It is only certain newspapers which keep telling him that he ought to feel deceived. We thought those wicked newspapers would be found to be at the root of it all. Still, it does appear that the War Office has, on mature consideration, decided to abolish the stoppages for the sea-kit, and we do a little suspect that the newspapers have helped to the decision. Mr. STANHOPE is persuaded that better pay would not secure better men. The human nature which enlists must be a curious human nature. We do, however, allow that he has shown that, if we are content to treat our home army as a mere training school, to rely on the Reserve for active war, and to have no more behind it than was behind the long-service army, we are doing fairly well.

MR. MORLEY'S LATEST TIPS.

MR. MORLEY has acted wisely in resolving to "rest on the laurels" which he imagines himself to have reaped by his successful prediction of the date of the dissolution. It was accompanied, as he says, by a bold wager; and the fact that the prophecy has come true does not, as he seems to imagine, justify the eminently "fancy odds" which he laid upon the predicted event. Let him be content, like Mr. HANNIBAL CHOLLOP, with having "realized the stake" of the imaginary taker of his bet, and let him not lay a hundred to one on what is about a fair six-to-four chance in future. He is certainly right not to set up, so to speak, in general practice as a political tipster, and especially so in declining to state his view of the odds as to the majority to be obtained by his party, and whether it is to be a majority independent of the Irish. Only it is rather a weak compromise to offer to write down his opinion of these odds, and to put them in a sealed envelope, not to be opened presumably until after the election. There are already too many things in sealed envelopes not to be opened till after the election—Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy among them—and Mr. MORLEY'S secret opinion of the odds is of as little use in that form to a Gladstonian voter in want of a tip as

his leader's Home Rule scheme is to a Gladstonian candidate in want of a subject and "something sensible" to say about it.

Perhaps, however, the latter may turn to Mr. MORLEY'S recent speeches in Devonshire in the hope of deriving from them what he has failed to extract from any of Mr. GLADSTONE'S utterances for a long time past. If so, he will be disappointed, for neither at Plymouth nor at Exeter has our "only original" "Home Ruler" found anything informing to say on that question on which he alone of all his party obtained grace by regular, and not by revivalist, methods. At Plymouth, indeed, his treatment of the whole variety of topics handled by him was disappointingly jejune. He felt bound, we suppose, to touch upon the question of Ulster; but he did so in a reluctant and feeble fashion, which indicated pretty clearly how much he would have preferred to leave it alone. Mr. MORLEY, to do him justice—if, indeed, he can be said to deserve much credit for having mastered a lesson which he had such exceptional opportunities of learning—has never made light of the Ulster danger. "I have never laughed," he said, "at what may 'happen in Ulster'; and we quite believe that he never has—never since his Chief Secretaryship, and those painful experiences in Belfast which connected his name with that of the Irish police in such a way that even the most callous of 'Mr. BALFOUR'S' 'removable magistrates' might have felt the sting of it. Mr. MORLEY does not laugh at Ulster, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT does, when he is not 'trying to 'alarm himself as much as possible'; and he does not lecture and rate the Ulstermen on their lawless disposition, as is the wont of other apologists for Mitchelstown rioters and for the men who beat Inspector MARTIN to death at Gweedore. But though he discusses the wisdom of the Ulstermen in a less ungracious and indecent manner than most of his colleagues, he has mighty little to say by way of contesting them. He has asked, he says, what they are afraid of in Ulster, and 'has got no answer to that question.' Well, let him put it to Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. GLADSTONE must have some idea of what it is that Ulster has to fear, since he made the greatest possible parade of providing against it in his Home Rule Bill of 1886. It is true that he professed at the time his own belief in the groundlessness of these apprehensions; it would not have been Mr. GLADSTONE if he had not taken care to put on record some declaration of that kind; but though he might take precautions against a danger in which he did not believe, he would hardly do so against one that he could not imagine or define. Mr. MORLEY, therefore, cannot do better than apply to him for his definition. He will be much better employed than in uttering vague and peevish complaints against Ulster for having 'turned its back upon all its miserable, 'fallen countrymen,' and not having with all her vigour and energy grappled with Irish problems." The Northern province has a ready enough answer to such charges, and may, indeed, deal shortly with them by referring Mr. MORLEY to those friends and protégés of his and of his political party—the agitators who for generations past have kept the three other provinces of Ireland in a state of chronic unrest.

The effect of Mr. MORLEY'S speech at Exeter was not a little impaired by its accidental coincidence in point of time, and—as regards Mr. MORLEY'S unduly frank admissions of the aim of Gladstonian legislation for the rural labourer—its too happy concurrence in point of substance with Mr. BALFOUR'S stirring deliverance at St. James's Hall. The Duke of ARGYLL, too, was another formidable competitor for the attention of the newspaper-reader on Thursday morning. Still, at Exeter Mr. MORLEY appeared to speak with a

little more freedom, and certainly had a little more to say. But he was not happy in his historical review of the events of 1886, which he discussed, as is usual with him, and even, we admit, with too many of the opposite party, in neglect of the all-important considerations to which the Duke of ARGYLL the other day referred. He quotes Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as having said, in a letter to Mr. GLADSTONE in January 1886, that "the statement of the latter's intention to examine whether it is practicable to comply with the wishes of the majority of the Irish people, testified to by the return of eighty-six representatives of the Nationalist party, does not go beyond your previous public declarations." This, to begin with, is hardly the same thing as saying that the swallowing of the whole Home Rule demand at a gulp was a step which did not go beyond Mr. GLADSTONE'S "previous public declarations"; but in any case it omits all reference to that very important, and only very recently previous, public declaration which the Duke of ARGYLL has lately recalled. Again, and for, we should think, the twentieth time, we must remind Unionists as well as Gladstonians, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN no less than Mr. MORLEY, that it was not to "the wishes of Ireland, testified to by the return of eighty-six representatives," that Mr. GLADSTONE yielded, but to the refusal of England to give him that number of representatives which he had asked for in order to vote the eighty-six Irish members down. Never let it be forgotten by any Unionist—especially by any Liberal-Unionist who is, so to speak, professionally bound to believe in the sacred rights of the "odd man"—that Mr. GLADSTONE did not concede Home Rule because he willingly listened to the Parliamentary voice of Ireland, but simply because he found himself unable to silence it. Mr. MORLEY, as a Gladstonian, has not of course the same interest in recalling this fact; but as an honest politician he ought to welcome this reminder that he owes it to controversial honesty never again to talk of the eighty-six Nationalist votes, and of their effect upon his leader without, at the same time, recalling the fact that that leader specifically begged the English constituencies to enable him to reduce those votes to impotence.

The rest of Mr. MORLEY'S speech at Exeter was accommodated laboriously enough, but not very successfully, to the ears of a rural audience. It is some time since the member for Newcastle has adventured himself in the field of agriculture—it has perhaps taken him some time to extricate himself from those "Essex clays" in which he was left planted by Mr. CHAPLIN; and it is not a field in which he shines. His remarks on the elevation of the rural labourer are suggestive only of the comment that they too might have benefited by having been made in consultation with Mr. GLADSTONE. For Mr. MORLEY, it seems, is of opinion that village councils might be invested with powers for the compulsory acquisition of land—a view so preposterous that even his leader, who is not wont to stick at trifles, was especially careful not to commit himself to it.

THE FRENCH ROYALISTS.

FRENCHMEN who wish to see the affairs of their country conducted with honour and spirit have cause to be obliged to the Duc de LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. They have also no cause whatever for joining in the jeers which the more spiteful and ignorant Radical papers have directed at the Duke and the Royalist deputies who have joined with him in making the declaration which was published at the end of last week. As for the Church, it will be singularly ill advised if it takes the Duke's answer in ill part. If the Radical press cared to understand what it was talking about, it would know that the Royalists have said nothing to the POPE for

which they might not find fifty precedents in the words of gentlemen of unquestionable orthodoxy living in the age of faith, and in countries ranging from Scotland to Castile. They have only told him that matters of government are not matters of faith. When the POPE declares that a good Catholic may support the Republic, he is only saying what he has a right to say. If he orders all good Catholics to become Republicans, he is going beyond his rights. The distinction is obvious, and it is equally silly and ignorant to say that the politician who makes it has in any way failed in respect to the Head of the Church.

Neither can any fair-minded man deny that the Royalists had a very sufficient cause for their protest. It does not matter, in so far as their consistency and honour is concerned, whether the Royalist cause is or is not hopeless. Probably it is, and very largely because under the guidance of the Orleanists it has denied its own principles. A "Monarchy of the Barricades"—a Monarchy which professes to be based on popular election—does not differ in principle from the Republic. If numbers of its younger supporters have become hopeless, and have then begun to reason that since "popular choice" is decisively against them, they can creditably accept the Republic, it does not lie in the mouth of the Orleanist Princes to say that they are to be blamed. This defection may destroy the last chance of the Royalists as a political party. It may convince the POPE that the interests of the Church will be better served by a reconciliation with the Republic. But it does not follow that the Royalists who have not reasoned in the same way are bound to give up their cause at the bidding of the POPE. Now, this is what they have been called upon to do. After some hesitation and many preliminary steps, the POPE has told all French Catholics, not only that they may, but that they ought to, accept the Republic. In spite of the praise which has been given to his statesmanship and moderation, it may be doubted whether this policy is as wise as it looks to many. The Republicans are very capable of believing that persecution has brought the POPE to reason, and will prove useful in keeping him reasonable. How far this is to be the case will depend on the success of those Catholics who have obeyed the POPE'S orders, in forming an effective Conservative party by alliance with the moderate Republicans. While that is being proved, the Royalists who prefer to remain Royalist are perfectly entitled to decline to surrender their political principles.

The split between those who are Royalists and Catholics, and those who have been Royalists because they were Catholics, should have a very wholesome effect on French politics. The Monarchical parties have of late years yielded to the temptation to keep their own principles in the background, and to appear only as defenders of the Church against Radical persecution. The compromise had essentially nothing dishonourable about it, and was no discredit to the Royalists. Still, this practice of semi-concealment is not, in the long run, wholesome for any party, and it did undoubtedly have some influence in leading the Royalists into condoning the scandalous alliance between the Count of PARIS and General BOULANGER. In future there can be no more obscurities of this kind. The POPE, with the thoroughly characteristic ingratitude of the Curia, has told the Royalists that he has no further need of their services. Those of them who may, without reasonable offence, be called Papists, have gone over at the word of command. Those who have supported the Church as a part of their political ideal stand where they did. They are still good Churchmen; but they are also still Royalists. Whether the Pope has gained anything by driving them into defining his rights for him, he or his successor may discover before

long. It will be strange if the purely Papist element is found capable of coalescing effectually with any portion of the Republicans. In any case, there is an end of a very equivocal position. The Royalists must now take their stand purely as Royalists. It is so probable as to be almost certain that their political power will be insignificant, but at least they will have acted like honourable men. If their party is destined to disappear in another generation, it will go down "with its colours flying," which is more creditable than to be smothered among shady alliances. The fact that the Count of PARIS has been persuaded to abstain from issuing a manifesto is in favour of their chance of retiring with dignity. If any declaration is to come from him, his advisers should spare no effort to persuade him to leave the drafting of it to the Duc DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

THEY WENT FOR WOOL, AND ETC.

THE proverbial expression partially quoted at the head of this chapter recounts in little the history of the deputation of the London Trades Council which waited on Thursday on Mr. GLADSTONE. They went to secure his good word for their Eight-hours day, and they came back shorn entirely of their hopes, and as good as entirely of their importance, if we are not greatly mistaken. There has been a growing impression of late that there is far more noise than meaning in the call for an Eight-hours Bill. This impression will now be converted into certainty. Much as we may have been compelled to renounce whatever belief we once had in Mr. GLADSTONE, we still have a considerable confidence in the acuteness of his scent for votes. When, on the eve of a General Election, he can play, as he did on Thursday, with a deputation which has come to drive a bargain, it is plain that there is really nothing worth having behind the persons who formed it. Mr. GLADSTONE did it very gently. He sat that deputation on the horns of successive dilemmas as tenderly as if he loved it. For this sweetness there were doubtless various reasons, of which one may be enough to specify—namely, that the delegates of the London Trades Council were in Mr. GLADSTONE'S house on his own invitation. But, though the thing was done with meekness, it was also done with malice, and well done. When the deputation walked out of No. 1 Carlton Gardens, its members had been taught to be careful how they attempted to "score off" Mr. GLADSTONE again.

It may well be believed that when the delegates began to think over their reception they were greatly incensed. Their friendly and attentive host had, in fact, shorn them very close indeed. He made it quite clear that they must expect nothing from him—nothing, that is to say, except his blessing. If they can find another politician to take them up, and if the whole Separatist party follows that other politician to go after a compulsory Eight-hours day, then, indeed, Mr. GLADSTONE will say "God-speed to you all." Until this happens, weighty considerations—of which honour was named, and others may be easily supplied—forbid Mr. GLADSTONE to turn his hand from "the settlement" of the great constitutional question which has "been raised between Great Britain and Ireland." This, of itself, would have been enough to incense any deputation which had been led on to hope for quite another kind of answer. But this was far from all. The unhappy deputation preferred the conversational method; so did Mr. GLADSTONE, and we can quite understand why. Gentleman JACKSON would doubtless have also preferred not to wear gloves if he had been called upon to deal after the manner of his art with a tiresome deputation. The conversational

method permitted Mr. GLADSTONE to apply the question, to do a little cross-examination, and he did it with great effect. Suavely, but implacably, he led the deputation to confess that they are a kind of "three tailors" of Tooley Street. They represent 70,000 workmen, and they undertake to speak for the whole mass of the working class. Again Mr. GLADSTONE gave the deputation a sharp burst of exercise while he was dexterously extorting from them a series of confessions which proved that they do not in the least know what a "trade" means, and that they have no notion how to obtain its opinion. Poor Mr. PEARSON said he thought all this could be done by an efficient labour bureau; to which Mr. GLADSTONE, who never lost an opening for a lunge home all through, replied with fatherly kindness that this seemed to amount to a confession that the Trade Council could not cope with the difficulty itself, and was, in fact, talking about what it did not understand. The deputation was probably satisfied with its own firmness when it declared that it would prevent seamstresses from working to earn money at home. Mr. GLADSTONE knew well enough how many there are in the country who will not submit to any such inquisitorial interference when he drew this avowal from the assembled tailors.

The triumph of Mr. GLADSTONE'S cross-examination was his extraction of a confession that the Trades Council is prepared to sacrifice the wages (of other people) in order to secure the Eight-hours day. It was not willingly that they said so much: it was only after they had been hemmed into a corner by a series of perfidiously candid requests for information that they were compelled to say so much. When it was said, the deputation must have realized the fix they had been tempted into; for, if it is once known among workmen that the compulsory Eight-hours day is to reduce wages as well as work, there will be an end of it. We are not, then, surprised that the deputation went back incensed, and that there has been talk at the United Democratic Clubs of starting "one hundred" Labour candidates, who will be run without regard to "the convenience of the Gladstonian party managers." Happy, happy vision! Foolish, foolish dream! There will, we sadly fear, be no such luck for the good cause. We trust Mr. GLADSTONE still in some things, and, at least, we trust him not to deal in this fashion with a deputation if there is any serious fear that it can make trouble in a hundred constituencies.

PAGLIACCI.

THE Italian muse has not been silent long; before the echo of the plaudits in honour of Mascagni has had the time to vanish, here they rise again in honour of a new *maestro*, who broke the momentary silence with a voice so powerful and accents so mighty that the place he asks for in the lyric Walhalla is granted him at once, and the glorious art-crown of Italy counts one gem more. Ruggiero Leoncavallo, who yesterday yet was one of the toilers of the teaching confraternity, and a modest and unassuming *maestro di canto*, is to-day a celebrity, and an enthusiastically acclaimed author and composer.

M. Leoncavallo is his own poet, and it may be said without further preamble that whilst the poet knew exactly what the composer wanted, the composer has suited the poet admirably. It is not in a more or less chiselled versification, or the novelty of the plot, that we have to look for the merits of the book of *Pagliacci*; the plot is but the old, old story of a faithless wife and her lover killed by a jealous husband, and the poetry of the verses does not repose on perfect form alone. But the surroundings of that plot, the frame of the incidents, are presented in so startling and novel a guise that our interest is on the alert at once, and never flags until the poet and the musician have said their last. And the musician has a good deal

to say, and he says it with so much genuine inspiration, in a melodious form so full of charm, and with so keen a sense of the true, that the listener is conquered before the analyst has had the time to admire the exceptional technical devices which the composer has at the service of his harmonious fabric.

Pagliacci has neither overture nor prelude; one of the characters of the play comes before the curtain to greet the audience and to explain the author's intentions. He is the prologue. His appearance is preceded by a short *scherzo*, based on the following figure:—



during which are interpolated a phrase from the *romanza* of Canio (the tenor), and a motive identified later with Nedda (his wife, soprano). Tonio (baritone) passes his head through an aperture in the curtain, and asks twice, *Si può?* then steps forward, and, bowing *all' antica*, explains:—



He has not been sent, as of old, to warn the spectators not to mind the tears and the anguish they will witness during the performance:—

No. L' autore ha cercato invece pingervi
Uno squarcio di vita.

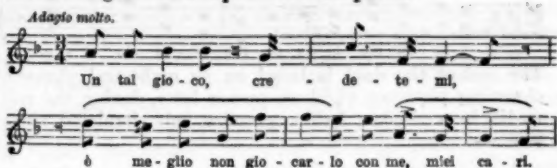
The voices of memories were singing one day in the author's heart, and these he wrote down with true tears, whilst sobs were beating time! It is not at the variegated rags of "*Pagliacci*" that one is asked to look, but in their souls; for they are men of flesh and blood. Such is the author's conception, winds up Tonio, now listen how it is developed; and, clapping his hands, shouts towards the stage, "*Andiamo, incominciate!*" This prologue, admirably said and sung by M. Maurel, is, perhaps, the capital page of the work. Besides the novelty of the device, the choice of images and expressions is not only happy, but also dignified and moving; whilst the musical commentary to the *scena* is of the style that cannot be better described than by the Italian *indovinatissimo*.

The curtain rises on a lawn at the entrance to a Calabrian village near Montalto; trees, flowers, and bushes everywhere; roads in every direction; a few cottages in the distance; a *teatrino di fiera*, placed between two trees and flanked on one side by a low wall, occupies the stage on the right hand of the audience. Tonio, *lo scemo*, the buffoon of a travelling company of comedians, stands before the booth. It is a fair day—*fiera di mezz'agosto*. We hear trumpet flourishes and the beating of the drum; villagers arrive from all parts announcing in a dialogued chorus the arrival of the "*Pagliacci*." In the orchestra all is joy and hubbub; the flutes and the piccolo dance in merry figures over a pedal of bassoons, clarinets and oboes in shakes, sustained by the quartet tremolo; the shakes, the tremolo, and the embroideries of the flutes pass from one group of instruments to the other, the voices blend more and more, until chorus and orchestra unite in a triumphant entry for the arrival of the car of the "*Pagliacci*."

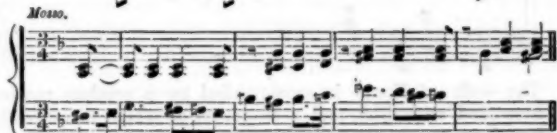
Canio, the leader of the show, in the costume of *Pagliaccio*, stands upright in the car sounding a trumpet and beating a drum. Nedda (Colombina), in a fancy skirt, sits in front of him; and *Peppe*, got up as *Arlecchino*, leads the donkey. Canio announces "un grande spettacolo a venti tre ore"; the announcement is enthusiastically received, and on a sparkling orchestral figure it is proposed to moisten the inner man whilst waiting for the *venti tre ore*. Canio and *Peppe* accept, but Tonio lagging somehow behind, one of the villagers remarks jokingly

... ei solo vuol restare
Per far la corte a Nedda.

The merry motive in the orchestra stops instantly; Canio turns pale and apostrophizes the joker to the accompaniment of a grave and expressive 'cello phrase



which gives way after sixteen bars to two motives identified with Canio—the *Pagliaccio* motive and the jealousy motive.



Pagliaccio's domestic misfortunes with Colombina are one thing, those of Canio and Nedda another:—

E se lassù *Pagliaccio* sorprende la sua sposa
col bel galante in camera, fa un comico sermone,
Ma si Nedda sul serio sorprendessi . . . altrimenti
finirebbe la storia.

Nedda is upset, everybody seems uncomfortable, so Canio excuses himself—"adoro la mia sposa"—and leaves his friends to change costume before repairing to the *osteria*. An oboe in the distance announces I *Zampognari* on their way to the church; the bells call hither the villagers also. Couples are formed and a general exodus takes place after a delightful and most ingeniously constructed chorus: a pedal of bells in *f*, *a*, and *c*, doubled by bass voices, sustained by strings, with oboe obbligato dialoguing now with sopranos, now with tenors, and doubled from time to time by a *Glockenspiel*.

Nedda is left alone and anxious; what if Canio learns her guilt! The jealousy motive appears in altered values, but is driven away by the love motive of Nedda and Sylvio:—



The mid-August sun is so beautiful, the birds so merry, and Nedda so happy and full of life, that this is no time for sombre thoughts; a song is on her lips, and away she warbles of birds and their language, of their freedom, and of golden clouds.



Tonio has been listening to Nedda's singing; the *contadino* was right; the *scemo* has remained not only to court Nedda, but to tell her of his love. She laughs at him, spurns him, and finally, to escape from his embrace, strikes him with a whip.

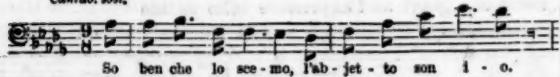
Ah! Per la vergin pia di mezz'agosto
Nedda, lo giuro. . . me la pagherai! . . .

yells Tonio, and runs away; but Nedda heeds him not, for here comes Sylvio, her lover, to implore her to fly with him.

And so we have two duets, two love duets, one after the other; the first, between Tonio and Nedda, is masterly treated, both musically and dramatically, but somehow fails to convince the spectator. Neither the beauty of the melodies nor the variety of the means for expressing brutal passion on one side and insolent scorn on the other seems to convey the right sense of the situation; we would fain say that the musical commentary to the incident is treated in too refined a way for the occasion; however, this is a case of complaining that the bride is too handsome.

Tonio's impassioned appeal is an *arioso* developed from the following phrase :—

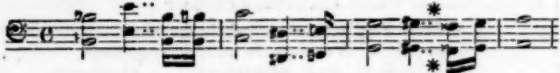
Cantab. sost.



The rest of the duet is based on an orchestral phrase of charming piquancy which reappears later, during the *commedia*, in a similar, half suggestive, half simulated situation :—



The oath of Tonio is accompanied by a sombre motive identified with him, and a fragment of which was already heard in the prologue, whilst Tonio was preparing the audience for what was to follow.



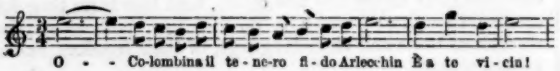
The rest of the fable is full of dramatic and musical power, and if ever Leoncavallo has written, as Tonio says in the prologue, *con vere lagrime*, he has done so in Tonio's "Calmatevi, padrone."

We must not take our readers right through the opera, but we may say that at the end, in a paroxysm of rage, Canio stabs Nedda; she cries out, dying, for Sylvio, who runs towards the booth to meet but there the avenging dagger of Canio. A cry of terror rises from the spectators, and whilst the curtain falls slowly, Tonio comes forward as in the prologue, and announces :—

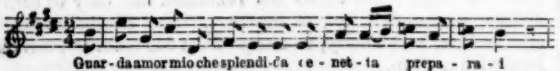
La commedia è finita! . . .

The phrase "ridi pagliaccio," in all the splendour of a majestic *tutti*, closes the opera.

Now, as to the means devised by the composer for expressing the peripetia of this powerful and unique situation. The *commedia* opens with a ravishing minuet accompanying the appearance of Colombina and her pantomime, and between the component part of which is interpolated an irresistible *serenata d'Arlecchino*. It is enough to say that this piece has the honour of a treble encore every evening :



The comic duet between Colombina and Taddeo is based on the Pagliaccio motive, the orchestral figure which was already heard during the duet between Nedda and Tonio and an independent episode in gavotte style. The duet between Colombina and Arlecchino is another delightful gavotte and the last gay note of the scene.



Pagliaccio appears also on a minuet motive, but in a minor key; fragments of the jealousy motive and that of Tonio arise now and then from the depths of the orchestra. An independent *arioso* is given to each, Colombina and Pagliaccio, during the altercation and just before the fatal *dénouement*. The chorus takes an active part in the performance, applauding, laughing, and commenting the incidents of the play.

Signor Leoncavallo has had every chance with his first work. First of all, he has found a patron in Signor Edoardo Sonzogno, the providence of young talent in Italy, *teste* Samara, Mascagni, Cilea, Giordano, and a host of others who were starving before he took them up. In the second instance, he had M. Maurel to create one of his characters; and, thirdly, all his other artists—Mme. Stehle,

Giraud, Daddi, and Roussel—did their work *con amore*. M. Maurel, in his treble part of Prologue, Tonio, and Taddeo, is "colossal;" he moves the audience to tears in the prologue; he is what we know him to be in scenes of dramatic intensity; but he is a perfect revelation in the *commedia*, where his buffoonery is screaming. The whole part has been conceived from a high artistic standard, and is as perfect a psychological study as it is irreproachable histrionically and vocally.

MR. BULL'S ORCHIDS.

MR. BULL has arranged his famous show somewhat differently this year. The orchids, rising more steeply, form rather a wall than a bank of flowers, and palms small and graceful, such as Cocos, Geonoma, Howea, replace the familiar maidenhair between them. Change is always welcome when the new is equal to the old, and if this system be not an improvement, it is because the former was perfect. The same wondrous sight is there under conditions slightly altered. A lover of orchids who has not beheld it is to be envied—if, that is, he be assured of the opportunity one day. We may fancy his amazed delight; but spectacles which cause rapture are not to be described in detail by the judicious.

Among that multitude of flowers, literally dazzling to the eye of one who seeks the rarer and more curious specimens, many worth attention must be overlooked, no doubt. Mr. Bull does not seem to have such a variety of novelties as in some former years. There are chances and runs of luck in orchid-seeking, as in other forms of the chase. First we notice *Od. dentatum*, a natural hybrid evidently, yellow as gamboge, boldly splashed with cinnamon-brown. A grand *Catt. gigas imperialis* comes next, its pink petals fully nine inches across—by the token that we measured them; specially beautiful are the crimson lines that ascend from its throat, as regularly as if drawn by compass, to the broad golden jowl which fades softly to white. *Phalænopsis speciosa*, from the Andamans, is still rare; a flower of delicate mauve hue, sepals and petals lined with a deeper tint, nearly white at the ends, and lips crimson. *Oncidium superbiens* is always a delight—three of those five lovely kinsfolk, the "small-lipped" *Oncidiums*, are on view—*Onc. macranthum*, *Onc. undulatum*, and this. They should be put side by side. Professional growers, at least, seem to be overcoming the difficulty of flowering these beauties, which is a boon. Even among orchids there are very few plants so striking in their scheme of colour, and none more delightful to contemplate. The long flying petals and the dorsal sepal of *Onc. superbiens* are bronze-brown, the wings white, daintily mottled at the base with pale mauve; the lip a combination of these hues. *Onc. undulatum* has chocolate for bronze; its ivory-white wings are barred with chocolate in place of mauve. The glorious gold and bronze of *Onc. macranthum* are much more familiar, because the plants are more common. Here we may see the supreme variety, *Onc. mac. hastiferum*, darker than the usual type, its dorsal sepal outlined in clear gold, wings equally bright, on which lie the purple shoulders of the shield; on them again stands out the crest, as of white wax, with purple edges. Is there such a royal "scheme of colour" elsewhere in all Nature's realms? *Brassia Keiliana* demands attention for its extreme rarity, but for nothing else; it is narrow and brown, with a dirty-white lip. *Macrostylis kalophylla* has handsome foliage; dusky brown, fading to white at the edges, where the brown is repeated in the form of mottling. But the cluster of tiny flowers on its long scape must be a delicious puzzle to botanists. By dissection under the microscope doubtless their sepals and petals and lip might be identified, but to the naked eye the whole bloom is solid, saving a scarlet column; behind it, disconnected apparently, are six long slender filaments like spikes. *Masdevallia peristeria* we never saw before; it bears a model, diminutive but exact, of the "dove," so famous in the "Spirito Santo" flower of Panama. An extraordinary hybrid—natural, of course—is *Od. diversum*. One parent is certainly *Od. Pescatorei*; the other, if it be possible, we should recognize in *Od. crispum*. In size and general shape the influence of *Od. Pescatorei* is not to be mistaken; but we know not where to look for the frilled petals and the marking round the column unless to *Od. crispum*. *Onc.*

pulvinatum majus bears a cluster of small yellow flowers on every branch, the base of sepals and petals brown, lip spotted with the same; it is, in fact, a handsome variety of *Onc. divaricatum*. Several specimens of *Bulbophyllum Lobbiai* are provided for the amusement of the young and the wonder of the thoughtful—its yellow lip, suspended on a swivel, throws a somersault at a touch, closing like a box-lid over the throat; thus an intruding fly is tossed upon the stigma, bearing, as is fondly hoped, the pollen with it. The rare *Thunia ionophlebia* stands beside its relative, *Th. Marshalliana*, and the difference is clearly seen—both snowy white, but one lined, so to speak, with lemon yellow, and one with ochre. *Thrixspermum Berkleyi*, from the Andamans, is very curious—ivory white, with a long lip compressed as tightly as if pinched, and knobbed at the end. How do insects penetrate that closed sack, and what can possibly be the object of closing it thus against visitors whose entrance is so anxiously desired? The Cingalese *Phajus bicolor* has sepals and petals of red-bronze; the tubular lip is yellow, margined with purple. Purple, also, is the spreading gorge, which fades to a lighter hue as it opens—a rare species. We observe an unusual and very charming form of the pretty *Onc. nubigerum*. This is classed as a white variety of *Onc. cucullatum*, but there is no sign of the “hood” here. It is all mauve in the upper part, the wings darker mauve, the broad white lip faintly tinged with the same hue; upon this combination of colour the bright orange crest sparkles like an Oriental topaz. Many fine varieties of *Od. crispum Alexandræ* are shown, of course—amongst such a multitude as our orchid-growers keep strange freaks of nature constantly appear, and they are always more or less beautiful. The most striking has been named *Od. Alexandræ picturatum*. It belongs to the class of which Messrs. Sander sent such a marvellous example to the Temple Show—stained reddish purple throughout, with a single deep blotch of the same on every limb. Perhaps the most impressive plant of all is *Bifrenaria Harrisoni pubigera*—so named by Professor Reichenbach, for reasons not apparent at a glance. The big rosy white flower is out of all proportion to the bulb, as those unfamiliar with orchids may declare. Its broad lip, also rosy, has a golden tinge. From the throat to the very high shoulders, dark purple lines rise in exact perspective, paling as they mount. The golden orange crest is singularly effective in this background.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE failure of the New Oriental Bank has made surprisingly little impression upon the City; indeed, the most general feeling has been one of relief that an institution, known for fully a year to be in difficulties, has at last been got out of the way. The bank, our readers will recollect, was a resuscitation of the old Oriental Bank, which failed so disastrously in the beginning of 1884, and it never has had high credit; partly because of the heritage it took over from its predecessor, and partly because of the policy pursued by its directors. About a year ago it came to be known that its embarrassments were serious. In the last published report, which was for the 31st March, 1891, it was admitted that about 80,000*l.* had been lost in Australia, about 70,000*l.* in the Straits Settlements, and about 12,000*l.* through the liquidation of the Gatling Gun Company; and rumour added that there were other heavy losses to be met. In consequence, reports have circulated from time to time adversely affecting it, and bill-brokers and discount-houses were very unwilling to take its acceptances. That being so, it was compelled to reduce very largely the bills accepted by it in circulation, and it is now believed that those bills are very small in amount, most of those still outstanding being indorsed by very good names. The great mistake made by the Bank—and it is one to which it is worth while to call the attention of the investing public—was the eagerness displayed to attract fixed deposits—deposits, that is to say, running for a considerable time and bearing high rates of interest. The capital was only about 600,000*l.*, fully paid, of which about 100,000*l.* was in silver placed in the East. With such a capital it need hardly be said that a very large business could not be done, and, therefore, within certain limits it was necessary to attract deposits. But the Board did not exercise the discretion that might reasonably have been expected. It is said that they

went on offering 5 per cent. for all deposits lodged with them for three years, even when the other Eastern banks were refusing new deposits. It may freely be admitted that at certain times and under certain conditions a bank doing business in the East may be able to borrow in this country at 5 per cent., and to make a handsome profit without incurring too great risk. But it is evident that that can be done only when times are favourable, and when much judgment is exercised. In the nature of things, it is impossible that it can be done always, whatever the conditions. The offer, however, of so high an interest as 5 per cent. was eagerly accepted by large numbers of thrifty people. They argued that, if they invested their money in securities, an accident might cause a fall in prices, and that if any of them were compelled to sell during the depreciation, they would lose part of their capital; but that by placing their money on deposit, the express condition was that, not only were they to receive so high an interest as 5 per cent. for three years, but that at the end of the time the bank was bound to pay the full capital. Acting upon this view, the bank, which was started only in July 1884, had on the 31st of March, 1891—that is, in six years and eight months—accumulated fixed deposits bearing high rates of interest, to the very large sum of 4,857,000*l.* The depositors are chiefly private people. Very large numbers of them are resident in Scotland, and a considerable proportion, it is said, consist also of Indian military officers and Civil servants. As yet it is impossible to foresee whether the deposits will be paid in full, or even, if they are, how long it will take to realize sufficient assets to do so. It is understood in the City that the liabilities on the 31st March last amounted, in round figures, to about 7½ millions sterling, and that the assets were then valued at about 8½ millions sterling. That would show an estimated surplus, after clearing off all liabilities, of about a million and a half sterling. But then the question arises whether the estimate of the assets will be realized when they come to be sold. Nobody as yet can give an opinion worth having upon the subject. Meantime the experience of this bank shows how necessary it is for the saving classes to exercise caution in depositing their money for long periods with banks. There are, of course, banks and banks. Some are exceedingly well managed, and the depositors in them are perfectly safe; others do a more risky business. It is necessary, therefore, for intending depositors to inform themselves as to the credit of the bank they think of depositing with. But, while we would urge more caution in the future, we would warn depositors not to become unnecessarily alarmed, and to demand repayment from other banks. By so doing they will only bring on the very difficulty they wish to avoid. Very large withdrawals must necessarily inconvenience any bank, however sound it is; and, fortunately, the great majority of the banks are sound and well managed.

The money market remains without change. Gold is once more being exported in considerable amounts from New York, and the metal is likewise being received from other countries. The General Election will, no doubt, lead to withdrawals of coin for the provinces; but that will be a temporary and small affair, and everything points to a long continuance of cheap money. The price of silver is fluctuating just now about 41*d.* per oz. Apparently the market is steadying itself, and will continue steady if the present consumption is maintained. It will be recollected that some little time ago the price fell to 39*d.* per oz.; since then, with very frequent fluctuations, it has recovered to 41*d.* per oz. But the question remains whether the present consumption can be maintained; in other words, is it likely that the United States will go on very much longer buying silver at the rate of 4½ million ounces every month? and if it does not, there must be a further fall.

The imminence of the dissolution and the races have restricted business on the Stock Exchange this week; but prices are well sustained. The gold premium at Buenos Ayres fell on Wednesday to 214 per cent., and on Thursday to 209 per cent.—the lowest quotation for a long time; and, as trade is improving and confidence reviving, while order is maintained, it seems probable that there will be a further and very considerable fall. Señor Saenz-Peña has been quietly elected President, and the leaders of the Radical party have been liberated. All this encourages holders in Europe, and Argentine prices generally have further advanced this week. There has likewise been a decided recovery in the American market. The last crop report issued

by the Government shows a very great improvement in prospects. The weather now is exceedingly favourable, and everything seems to promise another good harvest. Grain of all kinds is being exported in immense quantities, and the railway Companies are, therefore, doing very well. At the time of the Mississippi floods speculative selling of securities took place on an extraordinary scale. Now the speculators are buying back, and in some cases the recent fall has been quite recovered. Still there is little inclination here to deal in the American market, partly because of the approach of the elections, and partly because of the general distrust of American railroad management. In Paris French Three per Cent. Rentes have risen above par, and all good securities are unprecedentedly high. In August of next year the Four and a Half per Cents, amounting to over 271 millions sterling, will become due, and the Government, it is reported, has decided to attempt a voluntary conversion without delay. As a compulsory conversion cannot be undertaken for over fourteen months, that means that peace will be maintained, so far as France is concerned, for at least two years. It seems not improbable, therefore, that there will be a considerable increase in business upon the Paris Bourse. With a general belief that peace will be maintained for at least two years, with exceedingly cheap money, and with the shifting of investments that must follow so great an operation as the conversion of nearly 300 millions sterling of stock, it is certain that the volume of business must increase, and after a while it is probable that there will be an outburst of speculation. Investors, however, should bear in mind that inter-Bourse securities are already very high, that there is still a great lock-up of capital all over the Continent, especially in France and Germany, that Portugal is bankrupt, that the finances of Spain and Italy are in a bad way, that Russia is suffering from famine, and that consequently untoward accidents may occur at any moment, and may bring about a very great fall. It is to be hoped, therefore, that investors in this country will not be misled by the sanguine reports that will now be circulated in Paris.

The fine weather of the past few weeks has greatly improved the crop outlook throughout Western Europe. The last United States report likewise is decidedly favourable, but the reports from Russia are very conflicting. Upon the whole, however, the promise is not good. The probability appears to be that the coming harvest will be little if at all better than that of last year. The wheat market is very quiet, and prices are nearly 25 per cent. lower than this time last year. General trade throughout this country, however, is very large, as is shown by the railway traffic returns, in spite of the undoubted falling-off in the exports. It would seem, therefore, that the home consumption is on as great a scale as ever it has been.

According to a balance-sheet of the New Oriental Bank for the 31st March last, presented at Thursday's meeting, the assets of all kinds were valued at 8,316,865*l.*, and the liabilities to the public at 7,455,043*l.*, showing an estimated surplus of 861,822*l.*; but what the assets will realize in liquidation remains to be seen.

The rise in sound securities continues, indeed is spreading to all departments of the market. India Sterling Three per Cent. stock closed on Thursday afternoon at 97½, a rise of ½ compared with the preceding Thursday. Metropolitan Board of Works Threes closed at 104½, a rise of ½; New South Wales Three and a Half closed at 97½, also a rise of ½; and Queensland Three and a Half closed at 92½, a rise of ½. Among Home Railway stocks the changes are almost all upward, except Midland, which closed on Thursday at 158½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; but Caledonian undivided closed at 120½, a rise of ½; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 111, a rise of ½; and Great Western closed at 166½, a rise of ½. The accident on the Great Eastern Railway caused a momentary decline in the stock to 89½, but the fall of ¾ has since been regained. In the American Department, Atchison shares closed at 35½, a rise of ½; Erie closed at 28½, a rise of 1½; and Union Pacific closed at 41½, a rise of 1½. These are purely speculative and not suited to the investor. Milwaukee shares, on which payment of dividends is almost immediately expected to be resumed, closed on Thursday at 84½, a rise of as much as 5 compared with the preceding Thursday, and Lake Shore shares closed at 136½, a rise of

1½; but Louisville and Nashville closed at 72½, a fall of as much as 1½. Argentine Railway stocks have changed little; but the Five per Cents of 1886 closed on Thursday at 76, a rise of 2½, and the Funding Loan closed at 68, also a rise of 2½. Chilean Four and a Half closed at 93, a rise of ½, but Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 65, a fall of 1. In inter-Bourse securities the rise has been very general and very considerable, with the exception of Portuguese, which, owing to the refusal to ratify the Debt arrangement, closed on Thursday at 25, a fall of ½. French Rentes closed at 99½, the highest quotation ever recorded in London, being a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 1½. Egyptian Unified closed at 97½, a rise of 1½; German Threes closed at 87, a rise of 1; Greek of 1884 closed at 79½, a rise of 1½; Italian closed at 92½, a rise of 1½; Spanish closed at 67½, a rise of 2; Russian closed at 97½, a rise of ¾; and Hungarian closed at 94½, a rise of ½.

FRENCH PLAYS—*LA TOSCA*.

M. SARDOU'S drama, *La Tosca*, which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has selected for her second impersonation, ought to rank with *Cleopâtre* and *Théodora*, as among the worst of its author's pieces. It is, perhaps, better literature than either of the plays just mentioned, but it is even more barbaric in motive and situation. In a certain sense, it repeats the most striking and bloodthirsty episodes in the Byzantine melodrama, and as it was produced after *Théodora*, it may safely be charged with a distinct lack of originality. In both plays we have a torture scene, and in both the victim is tormented in order to obtain from him a confession intended to compromise his mistress. Torture is always unpleasant upon the stage, for the cries of the doomed wretch, when they do not revolt, are occasionally apt to make the playgoer merry. However, with all its brutality and total absence of agreeable scenes, *La Tosca* gives an actress of ability much scope for the display of her art, to its fullest development, in every range of emotion. In the hands of Mme. Bernhardt, such a part as that of the Roman prima donna assumes a sort of grandeur, and in certain scenes she rises in this particular character to the highest expression of her genius.

There are some curious points of resemblance between *La Tosca* and *Cleopatra*. Both are represented by M. Sardou as undisciplined, capricious, sensual, frivolous, jealous, feline women, but of strangely accurate instincts and generous impulses, which lead them to deeds of heroic disinterestedness. *Cleopatra*, as played by Mme. Bernhardt, is an Oriental of boundless power, but completely ignorant of the conventionalities of modern civilization. She could no more sit comfortably in a high-backed chair, or eat her meals at a table, than the Italian *La Tosca* could coil herself up with ophidian grace on a bit of carpet or an Egyptian ottoman. Eighteen centuries separate the two women, a fact which the great actress thoroughly understands, and illustrates with consummate skill. Contrast the insolently graceful entry of *Cleopatra* in the first act of the play of that name with the artificial, but studied, elegance of *La Tosca's* appearance in the Church of St. Andrea della Valle. "Elles sont pour la Madonna," she coos as she offers her roses at the shrine of the Virgin Mother, and courtesies to the sacred image with all the grace of a fashionable "mondaine" of our day at her devotions in the Madeleine or Sainte-Clotilde. It is a lesson in proper behaviour to watch how decorously she behaves at the entertainment given by Queen Caroline of Naples. *Cleopatra* could not have conducted herself so discreetly even if Antony's life had depended on it. But the moment *La Tosca* is off her guard, and her true nature asserts itself, the resemblance between the Egyptian Queen and the Italian singer becomes strikingly evident. In the remarkable scene of the second act, in which *La Tosca* guesses that her lover is being tortured, she suddenly loses all control, and lashes herself into all the nervous fury of a caged tigress. When at length she betrays her lover, in the vain hope of saving him, but in reality only to realize in a second the trap set for her, her display of remorse is genuinely pathetic. At last, as her exasperated lover curses her, with a prolonged wail she falls senseless at his feet. Rarely have we seen such a scene of enthusiasm as that which followed on Monday night this remarkable piece

of acting. But Mme. Bernhardt had yet another opportunity for the display of her powers, and she availed herself of it on this occasion in a manner which almost eclipsed her previous triumph. In the well-known scene in which Scarpia is murdered it was most interesting to watch the subtle changes of her expressive face—which was, as Lady Macbeth would have said, indeed a book where men might read strange matters. At first terror of the deed, mingled with fear of its consequences, appeared distinctly written on every lineament of her countenance. Irrresolution presently yielded to vindictive determination, and when at last her mind was fully made up her features turned as rigid as those of a Medusa. All expression faded from her face, until after the deed was accomplished and she had placed the crucifix on the dead Scarpia's breast and set the two candlesticks on either side of him. Then as she rose to her full height a sort of ecstasy replaced the stony look. Judith as represented by Christoforo Allori in the Pitti has just such a heroic and triumphant air. The last act of this dreadful play presents scarcely an opportunity for the actress, and it is really with this picture of murder made beautiful that its interest ends. Fortunately for Mme. Bernhardt, and especially so for her audience, she is extremely well supported. Mme. Méa plays Caroline of Naples with great dignity. M. Darmont is an actor of the greatest promise. We have already remarked upon the excellence of his Antony, but as Scarpia he acted much better, and his subtle suggestion of intoxication in the third act was extremely well imagined.

THE LADIES' NIGHT AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

IT is difficult for the unscientific person to detect much difference between the May Soirée of the Royal Society, when only men are catered for, and the June Conversazione, the only occasion during the year when what Bishop Berkeley ungallantly designates the "unreasoning" sex are permitted to cross the sacred precincts in numbers. We say "in numbers," because we are under the impression that a stray woman does, once in a long time, present a paper; whether she is allowed to read it in person we have not inquired. We beg the makers of the New English Dictionary to take note of the Royal Society's use of the terms "soirée" and "conversazione." Soirée + ladies = conversazione. After all, there was a difference between the appearance of the Society's rooms on Wednesday night and their aspect at the unisexual reception of a month ago; the halls and stairways were gay with flowers and evergreens, which, we presume, form no part of the strictly scientific show. As to the show itself, it proved that science has no need of any factitious adornments to heighten her attractions. Of course the attractiveness of all the exhibits was not equally apparent on the surface. Stars and birds and flowers, each category had its place in some nook or corner of the Society's spacious rooms, and other things besides which hardly come under any of these heads. The birds, we must say, consisted mainly of the Soapstone species brought by Mr. Bent from Zimbabue, and the tessellated representations from Egypt. *En revanche* the ingenious Mr. Romanes had a big menagerie of rats and rabbits of his own breeding, by which he is going to prove that those writers are all wrong who say that the father and the mother have an equal share in the formation of their progeny. But perhaps the most attractive performance to the unscientific was the telephone connexion with Paris, by means of which the visitors who crowded the small room could hear in faint and somewhat squeaky tones the opera of *Salammbo*, which was being performed in Paris. Next door to this is the meeting-hall, and it was crowded during the evening to see projected on the screen Mr. Saville Kent's lively photographs of the great Barrier Reef of Australia; the admirably clear spectra of celestial bodies and the rich groups of stars and nebulae which Mr. Norman Lockyer explained in his admirably lucid manner; Mr. Poulter's pictures of degenerate winged butterflies and moths; and Mr. Boys's photographs of bullets caught in the act of flying. These exhibits, and especially Mr. Lockyer's magnified star groups, were worth going a long way to see; the latter are a fine example of the triumphs of modern astronomical methods.

How long ago is it since the young mammoth, whose gigantic bones Dr. Hicks exhibited, roamed and reared in the neighbourhood of Euston, now familiar only with the snort of the steam mammoth of the London and North-Western Railway? These bones were dug up in Endsleigh Street, twenty feet below the surface. But perhaps the most startling exhibition was Mr. Crookes's experiment with electric currents forming an electromotive force of 140,000 volts. Mr. Crookes fearlessly tapped the current, let it run through his own body, and light up an enormous tube, which in his hands looked like a rod of flame; and yet Mr. Crookes was not "electrocuted." He also made some very striking experiments with the flame of burning nitrogen. Exquisitely delicate were the forms assumed by Mr. Wimshurst's discharges of electricity over prepared surfaces, the flashes assuming branch-like forms resembling lightning. Some very beautiful illuminating effects were produced by Mr. L. Pike's High-Tension Electrical Apparatus, which ought to come into great vogue for purposes of advertising, birthday illuminations, and such-like functions. The whip-like snake from South Africa exhibited by the Zoological Society is said to crush the eggs which are its favourite food with its backbone; the wonder is how it ever manages to get its mouth outside even the tiny egg which was lying in the corner of its case. Beautiful photographs from the Island of Grenada, water-colour drawings of Greek temples, a variety of models and finds from Zimbabue, admirably mounted proof plates from the first Memoir of the Archaeological Scenes of Egypt, Mr. Petrie's facsimile drawings from the pavement of the Palace of Chumaten, mummy eyes from Peru, photographs of native games and a variety of curios from British Guiana, double cocoanuts from Kew, photographs of West Highland scenery—these were among a few of what we may well call the lighter exhibits of a show which has not been surpassed at any previous conversazione in brilliancy, variety, and interest.

THE WEATHER.

WE have had a rude return to wintry weather, and on Monday last there were only two British stations, London and Hurst Castle, at which the thermometer rose as high as 60°; and we are in the second week of June! The change began on Friday the 8th. On the Thursday we had had an anticyclone lying over us, and the heat in the north had been very considerable, 83° being reported both at Leith and Loughborough. The barometer, however, was giving way, although no definite system of disturbance had manifested itself, but the anticyclone was being pushed out to the westward. Northerly winds came in over Scotland, and brought with them a wave of low temperature, the thermometer on Friday morning at most of the Scotch stations having fallen nearly 20°; 19° at Leith, 18° at Wick, 17° at Nairn. Friday was a warm day in the south; 85° was registered at Cambridge and 83° in London; but by Saturday morning the chill had extended southwards, and the temperature at Liverpool was 22° lower at 8 A.M. than on the previous morning. At that hour on Saturday not a single station north of York reported even 50°. By Sunday the cold had reached London, but there the fall of temperature was not so sudden, being only 11°. However, over the whole United Kingdom no station reported a reading as high as 60°, Scilly being highest with 59°. Sunday in London was quite sunless, being the first such day for five weeks. Since that date we have had persistent low temperatures, 60° being never reached at 8 A.M., and very rarely in the afternoon. On Wednesday, however, that degree of temperature was reached at twelve stations, the warmest of all being Leith. The wind has been northerly, veering to north-east, and the amount of rain has been quite insignificant. On Friday the 10th there were thunderstorms with heavy rain in the north-west of Ireland, but nothing has come to the parched-up south of England. The cold weather has not been confined to these islands, but has extended to the Continent as far south as Lyons. On Tuesday the highest temperature reached in Paris was 55°, the same as in London on the same day. The rain record for the week ending June 11 shows that the Scotch stations are recovering from their deficiency, and that the driest parts now are the south and south-west of England. As to sunshine,

Oxford and Southampton were most highly favoured last week, both securing 73 per cent. of total duration of sunshine. Then came Westbourne (Sussex) with 71, and then Brighton and Jersey with 70.

CAN NEW RAILWAYS BE SUCCESSFUL IN ENGLAND?

WITHIN the last week the English public, who have invested, with results that vary "mostly for the worse," a good many hundred millions in constructing railways all over the globe, have been afforded a novel opportunity of subscribing the respectable sum of five millions sterling for the construction of a new trunk line in England itself. What the fortunes of the new Company may be remains to be seen. As we write the subscription-list is still open; but, in view of the fact that shares of the new undertaking have been dealt in on the Stock Exchange at a premium, it would appear to have met with a certain measure of preliminary success. And that it should succeed is, we take it, from the public point of view, eminently desirable. There are, of course, not a few persons who say, with Ruskin, that railways are ugly, or, with Carlyle, that they are mainly employed for the transport of fools better left at home, and that therefore the construction of a new line is unmixed evil. But, in face of the undoubted facts that our existing lines are full, and overful, with traffic at this moment, that English traders can only hold their own on condition of possessing the best possible system of communication, and that if English trade declines a good many people in these islands will starve, while the rest of us will find our incomes very disagreeably curtailed, these Ruskin-Carlyle arguments may, perhaps, be disregarded.

Assuming, then, that new railway accommodation is needed, and will be needed from time to time in this country, is it in the public interest that the existing railway Companies should have a practical monopoly of the supply? To ask this question seems almost to answer it. If the existing Companies know that no new rivals can successfully assail their districts, their natural tendency will be to curtail accommodation as far as possible, to increase it only as little as may be, and that at the last possible moment. Some Companies will, no doubt, in the future, as in the past, act more liberally than the others; but the tendency, on the whole, will be that which is usual among chartered monopolists—namely, to aim at large profits on a small business rather than to take the trouble to carry on a large business with a smaller margin of profit. The question might be put on broader grounds, and it might be argued that it is not for the good of the State that the necessities of life—and communication is practically as much a necessary of life as air or water—should be entirely in the hands of a small number of persons who conceivably might combine against the public. But there is more than this. Admitting that the existing Companies will continue to be ready to furnish additional accommodation as it becomes necessary, even though they know, as they must know, that they will diminish their dividends by doing so, there is every probability that they will not give that additional accommodation in the form in which it would best suit the public to have it.

In the public interest a new line through a new district, which a new Company would naturally have to construct, is evidently preferable to an old line widened, even though the interest on the capital employed be at a somewhat lower rate. New Companies offering us new lines are then to be welcomed. But our most effusive welcome will not induce the formation of new railway Companies unless there is a reasonable prospect of a commercial return on the capital invested. It becomes therefore of interest to inquire what chance of success such Companies have. Ask any railway official this question; he will, as a rule, reply without hesitation that they have absolutely none. Nor will he have much difficulty in finding example after example to enforce the truth of his opinion. And yet the wish so obviously is, or at least may be, father to the thought that perhaps we shall do well not blindly to submit to authority, but rather to investigate the matter for ourselves.

A Company badly or dishonestly financed at the outset may never recover. Wales still has reason to rue the fact that the Cambrian, and not a few still more unfortunate Companies which the Cambrian has now absorbed, were started

in the bad times which preceded the collapse of 1866. The London, Chatham, and Dover, with the richest territory in the country, and a line crammed with traffic of an exceptionally paying character, cannot away with the results of the original sin which saddled it with a capital of 125,000*l.* a mile. Or again, to put a slightly different point, Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Ordinary stock stands at about 75; that of the North-Western at about 175. Yet the average earnings of the total capital of the two undertakings are very nearly the same. But then the North-Western was never so misguided as to raise large sums by the issue of Perpetual Six per Cent. Preference Stock. Again, a railway Company which offers what in America is called an "air" line between two important points may fail disastrously because the traffic on which it counted continues to follow the old roundabout route. Take as an instance the Didcot and Newbury. This line offers the most direct route for the very considerable traffic passing between Southampton and Lancashire. But its rails are rusting, and the traffic still flows in the old channels. Why should it not? The interest of the Great Western is to send it *via* Reading and Basingstoke; that of the South-Western to carry it on its own line all the way to London. Neither Company has any interest to use the Newbury route; and as the longer routes are for practical purposes certainly not inferior, it cannot be said that the public has any direct interest that they should. Now take a third class of case. Let a line be projected from A, a local station on the main line of the North-Western, to B, a small market town five miles off. Such a line may be expected to earn for itself, say, 75*l.* per week, and to contribute to the North-Western exchequer new traffic worth as much again. Seventy-five pounds a week is equal to 3,900*l.* per annum—or, in other words, taking working expenses at half the gross receipts, will only pay interest at 5 per cent. on a capital of 38,000*l.* But the Board of Trade, urged on by the newspapers and the public, insist upon such a standard of construction that no railway can be made in ordinary country for any sum under 7,600*l.* a mile. The North-Western, however, could, it will be observed, afford to spend 15,200*l.* a mile on making the line, and at this price it probably could really be made. The moral, then, is that a short local branch feeding a main line may be profitably undertaken by the owner of that main line, but cannot, under ordinary circumstances, pay in the hands of an independent Company.

Two railways on opposite sides of the country stand out so conspicuously among the new Companies of recent years as to deserve a more especial mention. They are the Hull and Barnsley and the Barry Railway. Both were constructed to afford a new outlet for the export of coal; both owe their origin to popular jealousy of a wealthy and conservative monopolist. Yet the one is a lamentable failure, the other a splendid success. The one has paid a single dividend of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the other 10 per cent. from the commencement. Wherein lies the difference? Broadly, the one undertaking was managed by keen men of business, the other by well-meaning amateurs, assisted by the municipal incompetence of the Hull Corporation. The finance of the one was prudent, of the other reckless. The coalowners of the West Riding gave the Hull and Barnsley—which was built with the money of the ordinary investor—their warmest sympathy; but when they had by its means got a reduction in their rates, they continued to give their traffic to its rivals. The coalowners of South Wales found the money to build the Barry line themselves, and were therefore not so foolish as to send their traffic by another route, to the injury of their own dividends. Lastly, the Barry line, short though it is, runs all the way from the mines to the sea, and so is independent of the neighbouring railways; the Hull and Barnsley is in a very different position. And when the question is put to the managers of the North-Western, the Midland, or the Great Northern, whether they had better cultivate the friendship of the Hull and Barnsley, which serves Hull alone, or of the North-Eastern, which has, indeed, a rival at Hull, but, with this exception, has an absolute monopoly of the whole country from the Humber to the Tweed, can any one doubt what answer they are bound as business men to make?

We reach, then, this conclusion, that in order that a new Company may succeed in England it must be, first and foremost, honestly and prudently financed; secondly, it must be on a sufficiently large scale; and, thirdly, it must be in a position not merely to afford facilities for, but to

command traffic; it must, in other words, be in the undoubted interest either of existing Companies, or of a sufficiently powerful body of large freighters, to use the new route. Probably not many of the new undertakings of the last twenty or thirty years could stand this test. But no prudent man should touch, at least as an ordinary commercial investment, a railway that cannot stand it. If, on the other hand, a railway can stand it, seeing that it can profit gratis by the experience that the other Companies have had to buy extremely dear, and that the price of borrowed money is 40 per cent. lower than it was a generation back, there is really no reason why it should not, like the Barry Company, succeed conspicuously and from the outset.

EXHIBITIONS.

M. COQUELIN is as fortunate in his pictures as in his career. His collection, which may be seen at the Barbizon Gallery, is the Salon of the Champ de Mars in miniature. Half a dozen old-fashioned pictures, such as Bonnat's "Italian Girl," have crept in; but most of the examples are modern, typical, audacious even, and the collection is immensely superior in one respect to the official exhibitions; its pictures are all composed upon a modest scale. As vulgarity of sentiment is the besetting sin of our own Academy, so vulgarity of size destroys the effect of innumerable specimens of French art. A twenty-foot canvas is as potent as a painted death-bed to hold the attention, and it is a common trick of the Parisian to apply a technical method which only suits the scale of cabinet pictures, to an expanse of many square yards. It is like writing an epigram in ten books, and it is a desperate weariness to all save amateurs of sensation. But in the Coquelin collection you may see Boldini, Besnard, Duez, Sargent at their daintiest and best. Of course there is a gallery of the characters which the actor has assumed; but the art of Messrs. Friant, Leloir, Madrazo, Dagnan, and Vibert is always entertaining, and there is scarce one of the little portraits that has not an artistic as well as a dramatic interest. Then there is a fine Delacroix, two admirable drawings by Millet, a couple of indifferent Corots, an exquisite little water-colour by Barye, and adequate examples of the best of the Romantiques. But the untravelled Englishman will find a rare amusement in M. Pissaro's two landscapes; for, although this distinguished artist has more than once sought his material in London, his works have seldom been seen this side of the Channel. And yet he is the most distinguished and temperate of the Impressionists. He has a pleasant fancy for clear tones and prismatic colours; he has from the first resolutely eschewed black and bitumen. More successful than any other of his school in the rendering of light, in wrapping his trees and figures in an envelope of air, he is always intent upon decoration, and professes no desire to sacrifice effect to a paltry realism. Nor are his pictures "impressions" in the vulgar sense—that is to say, they are deliberate compositions rather than hastily-finished sketches. Indeed, it is not his practice to paint direct from nature. Like Degas, he is content to take notes in the open air, and work them up into completed pictures in his studio, so that every touch of rainbow hue holds its proper place in the colour scheme. Being a pioneer, he has the defects of his qualities. His colour is often hard and crude. The task he has essayed is not easy of accomplishment; for, though a harmony in half-tints may be generally obtained, it requires the master of a convention to compel blue and pink to accord one with the other. Also, as the "division of tone" is a theory but half comprehended, his pictures, like those of M. Sisley—of whose art M. Coquelin has four examples—are frequently misinterpreted. However, there are two of his most characteristic canvases at the Barbizon Gallery, one of which—"The Wheelbarrow"—vibrates with light and air, and is also an excellent piece of decoration.

The Dudley Gallery calls for no serious criticism. There are already two firmly established Societies whose function it is to encourage water-colour; and the art, which is commonly called "National," is in no danger of falling into obscurity. As its technical processes are easy, and as the old fashion of fifty years ago still prevails in England, there is scarce a schoolgirl in the British Isles who cannot turn out drawings as good as what fills the Dudley Gallery. If we except two drawings by Mr. Marjoribanks Hay, which

doubtless look far stronger than they are in their present company, there is not a single work which has style, colour, or distinction to recommend it. Each contributor has precisely the same touch—or want of touch—as his neighbour. The medium is handled as though the sole object of the art were to lay the colour upon the cartridge-paper with absolute smoothness; so that all appearance of water-colour should be tickled out of existence. Some of the drawings have a semblance to nature; only the two we have named have any semblance to art; and it is impossible to visit such an exhibition as is displayed at the Dudley Gallery without praying that the art of painting should fall into social disrepute, and that the amateur, who buys paints and brushes because it is fashionable to work in a studio, should disappear forthwith from the earth.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., has fallen between two stools. His "Battle of Trafalgar," which is exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, is too large for a picture and too small for a panorama. What quality it possesses is purely scenic, and it suggests at once a vaster scale and a cunning arrangement of limelight. The colour is so monotonous and cold that it is completely uninteresting, and though there is an evident attempt at composition in the coiling smoke, the work is the presentation of an historical event rather than a picture, and you carry away with you the impression of a panorama gone wrong.

Mr. H. B. Wimbush is an inveterate water-colour draughtsman. A collection of his drawings is exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, and proves that he consistently sacrifices effect to detail. His local colour may be true to nature; his *ensemble* is never in a single instance convincing. Nor has he any purely artistic quality to atone for the poverty of his presentation. His style is the style of a thousand other practitioners. Not by a single touch does he lift himself out of the ruck. He has settled in a popular county—Devonshire—and he knows well how to manufacture the "bits" of scenery beloved of the Philistine. But his art is not convincing.

RACING.

LAST week's racing has been made almost obsolete by Ascot, but the Breeders' Foal Plate at Manchester on Thursday week brought out a fair field of two-year-olds, of which Mr. B. Maple's rather long-backed Saraband filly, by name La Belle Siffleuse, was made favourite; but in the Paddock it looked any odds on General Owen Williams's brown colt Hautbrion, by St. Simon—Bonnie Lassie, by Brother to Strafford, who looked a king amongst his opponents, and he won his race every yard of the way. The great race of the meeting was of course the Manchester Cup. After Alice's success on the first day her stable companion, Mina, was in great favour, but she is a common-looking wretch. There were fourteen runners, and the race was run at a great pace, Mr. Maple's Balmoral just getting home by a neck from Mr. W. R. Marshall's The Hudson; but we think that if Mullen, who rode the latter, had been deprived of his whip, he would assuredly have won, as it appeared to us he caused his horse to swerve on to Balmoral, and then made an objection for bumping and boring, which was very speedily and properly overruled.

At Ascot on Tuesday the weather was fine but unusually cold; yet, in spite of this and other lamentable causes, the attendance showed no falling off. Tostig won the Trial Stakes cleverly, if not easily, and seems to have turned over a new leaf. Ten runners out of twelve acceptances for the Ascot Stakes was satisfactory, and the pace was very good, as Rigmorole made strong running for Harfleur; but Billow came to the front at the last turn, and the hurdle-racer won easily from the well-backed Harfleur, whose performance showed marked improvement upon his form at Windsor. The ground was fearfully hard, and this was the reason Alloway did not run. Milford proved the good thing we thought he would be in the Coventry Stakes, and won cleverly from M. E. Blanc's Marly, another son of Energy, and a very nice colt indeed. The Gold Vase, with its five runners, gave us a very pretty race, but it was run at a very muddling pace, Thessalian making the running till Martagon came to the front at the final bend, and won easily. It seems almost absurd to think that this is only the second race Martagon has won in his four seasons on the turf. Twelve runners for the Prince

of Wales's Stakes is above the average number, but Sir Hugo was absent. The Lover looked very well, and was to our mind the pick of the paddock; but he was very unfortunate, as, when waiting on his field and pulling hard, he struck into the heels of Haymaker and fell, giving R. Chaloner a shaking only. Baron de Hirsch's huge colt Watercross, who took the maiden allowance, won cleverly from Tanzmeister, with Pensioner, who had been talked of for the Hunt Cup, a fair third. We were glad to hear that Buckingham's mishap at Epsom had not proved so serious as we were told at the time, and this well-tried colt was a hot favourite for the Thirty-fifth Ascot Biennial, which he secured in easy fashion. In the last race, the Thirty-eighth Triennial, for four-year-olds, Orvieto's number was not hoisted, and it was left for Alec Taylor to win with the unnamed Panada colt. Wraybury could not stay, and perhaps Derelict has not got over an operation that was performed upon him since the last Cambridgeshire. Wednesday opened fair, and slightly warmer than yesterday. As usual, before the Hunt Cup we heard mysterious whisperings, and tips were flying about in all directions. Miss Dollar became a warm favourite before the numbers went up. There seems to have been rather a muddle with the horses in Jewitt's stable, as Pensioner won the Hunt Cup trial; but his owner wished to run him in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and, with the ground in such an adamant state, his chance must surely have been minimized, especially as he had not been trained for the distance. Both Jewitt and Captain Machell, it was said, did not wish Suspender to run, fearing that such a stupendous colt would be shaken by the awful going; but his owner, Mr. McCalmont, had backed him and wished him to run; so run he did, and won in the easiest possible manner—the usual patrons of the stable did not support him, so the public were not on. It was a good performance for a three-year-old to win with 7 st. 10 lbs., and so beat the record for animals of that age in the Hunt Cup; but probably ten pounds more would not have stopped him, so easily did he win. Mr. Houldsworth's Carrick, who was favoured with a very light weight, won the Visitors' Plate very cleverly from the moderate Enniskillen; but Sir R. Jardine had his turn in the rich Ascot Derby, as his Llanthony, in receipt of 12 lbs. from Curio, carried the dark blue and silver successfully. Minting Queen proved too quick for Lorette in the Fern Hill, though the three-year-old seemed to be staying on at the finish. Arabian did not sustain his reputation in the Fortieth Triennial, as Son of a Gun credited the Duke of Beaufort with the stake, the Epsom winner Legality being second, the favourite nowhere. The Coronation Stakes was cleverly secured by Colonel North's Lady Hermit, Lord Durham's Vivien being second, the non-staying Flyaway nowhere. Broad Corrie got off very badly, or we fancy might have troubled the winner. Mr. Daniel Cooper secured the Thirty-fourth Ascot Biennial with the white-legged Juvenal, who has hitherto been a disappointing colt to his owner. Details of Thursday's and Friday's racing are impossible.

Next week we shall have the Northumberland Plate, a race that evokes the keenest enthusiasm in the North of England. The course at Gosforth Park is quite one of the best in England, both from the comfort of its stands, the excellence of its track, and its scenery. By reason, perhaps, of its meeting following so quickly upon Manchester and Ascot, we have not this year had the usual amount of speculation upon its great race. There was a fair acceptance, twenty-two having remained content out of forty-eight subscribers; but, since the acceptances, Alice (having incurred a 12 lbs. penalty by winning at Manchester) and Mina, both in Hall's stable, have paid. This leaves Ragimunde, with 9 st., at the top of the handicap; but we hardly think this good stayer can win with such an impost; and his brother Rigmarole, also in the race with 6 st. 9 lbs., looked light at Ascot, where he was sacrificed to make running in the Stakes for Harfleur. Alloway, with 8 st. 12 lbs., we do not fancy, nor was Dare Devil's running at Manchester of a character to cause us to think that he can successfully carry 8 st. 10 lbs. Breach we saw in the Hunt Cup, where she never showed prominently. Old Boots and Sir Benedict should be close together on Ascot Stakes form, but both should be held safe by Metallic. Grand Prior we look upon as untrustworthy. Sedgechat was struck out of the Manchester Cup, as he was amiss, but, if none the worse, he should have a fair prospect of success under 7 st. 13 lbs. Clarence ran very fairly in the Queen's Vase at Ascot,

where he was disappointed coming up the straight, and could not get through; but 7 st. 12 lbs. is a fair weight for a three-year-old to carry. Seaton Delaval must be dangerous with 7 st. 5 lbs., as he proved himself a good stayer when he won the Great Northern Handicap at York, and his victory would be most popular. William l'Anson has but one in the race, Newcourt, a four-year-old, with 7 st. 3 lbs. This horse has had a long rest in consequence of his straining the muscles of his quarter last year, and as he has some fair form in his favour, we shall anticipate his success if he pleases his trainer in a gallop; but as he has not yet been tried, we should caution speculators not to be in a hurry. Hutton Conyers may run, as Mr. Perkins, who also owns Dare Devil, is a great supporter of Gosforth Park; but we do not fancy his chance, nor that of Barbatello. Metallic ran very well in the Ascot Stakes; and, as he seems a fair stayer, he should have a good prospect of success with 6 st. 11 lbs. Golden Drop has, we believe, been slightly amiss, and did not run in very encouraging style at Manchester; but he may show in improved form here. Macready will not run, but give way to Clarence.

Portland made a long and unsuccessful journey to Kempton the other day. Lauriscope is bred to stay, and is one whose form cannot be summed up, but is just the one to furnish a surprise. The Pyx has no form upon which she could win. It will be seen that we fancy Clarence, Newcourt, and Lauriscope, and if Mr. l'Anson really fancies Newcourt, he will be very dangerous.

A CIRCULAR LETTER.

BESET by "items" seeking without number
My aid, in various stages of distress,

Permit me, sir, your columns to encumber

With this brief answer to them, through the Press.

You ask me, friends, for visits, letters, speeches,

A line by post, or telegraph sent down,

Two words of fire upon O'Br-en's breeches,

One summons to "Remember Mitchelstown"!

Each local candidate would fain allure me

To come and mount his individual stump,

And reck not in his yearning, to secure me,

Whether his needs with my engagements jump.

Gladly as backer would I stand behind him,

Where'er Gladstonian Unionist confronts,

Yet I must humbly, mournfully remind him

That—well, I can't be everywhere at once.

But in these days of high constructive science,

Could you not, think you, in such urgent case

Procure some neat mechanical appliance

To take your venerable leader's place?

Some clock-work doll, wound up to spout with unction,

And simulate the rhetorician's fires;

Some posing marionnette, arranged to "function"

At a Schnadhorstian touch upon its wires?

Believe me, gentlemen, I speak not idly,

That puppet's movements, be it owned with grief,

Would differ not so very widely

From those performed by your illustrious chief.

True, an automaton could not acquaint you

With what your leader's Irish plans may be;

But are you—you should ask yourselves—or ain't you,

Better instructed on that point by me?

It could not—which, you'll say, is more essential—

Devise a new solution anyhow;

But—this, of course, is strictly confidential—

That is precisely my position now.

I could not, therefore, render much assistance

By backing you in person, I'm afraid;

While you, when I am labouring at a distance,

Can still enjoy my incorporeal aid.

Whene'er you pick and garble the quotation

From some important adversary's speech;

Whene'er you fling the deft insinuation

That carries further than the lie can reach;

When'er you weave the cunning web of pledges
With woof of false upon a warp of true;
Or launch the calumny that hits, but hedges,
And wounds your foe without committing you;

When'er, in short, my spiritual essence
Informs your tactics, O my merry men!
Be of good cheer, nor crave my bodily presence,
For I am with you in the spirit then.

REVIEWS.

CURZON'S PERSIA.*

MR. GEORGE CURZON is not the first of his family and name who has written a good book of Eastern travel. *The Monasteries of the Levant* were described by his relative some forty years ago in a work by no means out of date. If Mr. G. Curzon's somewhat ambitious aim in these portly volumes has not been fully attained, there is no doubt that by personal adventure and laborious research he has produced an excellent work which merits a great deal of the encomiums it has received. His thirteen hundred pages for practical purposes may be considered under three aspects. First, there is the author's account of his own adventures in Persia; next, we have chapters on Persian History and Archaeology; lastly, there are disquisitions on the revenue, the army, the social questions, and the political aspect of things.

We shall first deal with Mr. Curzon the traveller. He gives divers directions as to the various routes by which Persia can be entered. The traveller from England will go naturally from Baku on the Caspian to Enzeli, and he has the choice of several routes to reach the oleaginous port and its renowned wells. The traveller from India, leaving Karachi or Bombay, will, of course, enter Persia by way of Bunder Abbas. Mr. Curzon was evidently anxious to see something of Transcaspia and the Russian authorities, and to ascertain whether they were as obstructive and uncivil as they are sometimes reported to be. So he started from Ashkabad, rode to Meshed *via* Kuchan and Kelat-i-Nadiri; saw as much of the burial-place of the eighth Imâm as prudence or fanaticism would permit; exchanged one broken-down steed for another on his way to Teheran; had an audience of the Shah; continued his journey southwards to Isfahan and Shiraz; visited the tombs of Hafiz and of the poet-philosopher Sheikh Sadi; went up the Karun river, and completed, as a classical scholar and a Fellow of All Souls should do, the "periphrasis" of the Persian Gulf. Mr. Curzon has many of the requisites for a successful traveller. He makes light of the by no means slight inconveniences and discomforts of Persian travel—the clouds of dust, the alternations of heat and cold; the indifferent supplies of a dirty bazaar; the jaded horses, with sore backs and weak forelegs; the serai, with its draughts and its squalor, its platforms occupied by poultry and filth, doors that will not shut, spaces instead of windows, and the unaccommodating *chaparchi*, or official in charge—an individual bearing no resemblance whatever to the prompt and sedulous *Khansaman* of a Dawk bungalow in India. Then Mr. Curzon's style of narrative is animated and classical. He has an excellent eye for scenery and colour. His descriptions of rugged defiles, dreary plains where nothing seems to grow, salt deserts and a few pellucid streams, famous cities with their mosques and minarets, orchards and their heavy-fruited trees, are all pleasant reading. Whether they will make a tour in that country fashionable and attractive is quite another question. The country and its inhabitants are spoken of in terms equally distant from unjust depreciation or absurd confidence. The good manners of princes and ministers, and the polished tongue in which they plied their guest with questions about England and her mission, Mr. Curzon's rank and profession, and his object in visiting Persia, have not prevented his forming a very just estimate of the deceitful national character, and of the miserable degradation of the country. "Life," he says, with an antithesis pardonable in an Oxford man and a rising M.P., "is both magnificent and squalid, the people at once despicable and noble, the panorama at the same time an enchantment and a fraud." Though Mr. Curzon does not seem to us to have made much progress with the Persian language, his rendering and spelling of Oriental phrases are almost always correct. This may be due to his having wisely availed himself of the Oriental scholarship of such experts, amongst many others, as General Houtum-

Schindler, of the Imperial Bank of Teheran, Sir F. Goldsmid, Sir E. Ross, and Sir Alfred Lyall. Without searching for errors in a carping spirit, we may remark that the word *abrisakum* should be written *ab-i-reshm*, and that it means the water of silk; that "a son of Sir Walter Scott," whose tomb the author saw in the Armenian church at Teheran, was Charles Scott, the minstrel's second son; that *istikbal* is more correctly the ceremony of meeting or receiving a visitor than the actual mounted escort sent out to meet him; and that the form "May I be your sacrifice"—in the original *kurbân-at-shavam*—though adopted as a mode of address to the Sovereign "by subjects of the highest rank," is really a polite phrase in common use in all ranks in Persia. The printer, of course, must be responsible for making Bonaparte escape from Elba in the year 1804 instead of 1814-5. With these trifling inaccuracies, we have rarely met a big book on Oriental subjects in which the author has taken so much pains and has fallen into so few inaccuracies. As a travelling companion to the adventurous tourist, as the instructor of those who like to *voyager sans changer de place*, Mr. Curzon will be found pleasant, instructive, and trustworthy.

We shall next deal with Mr. Curzon as a contributor to Persian history and archaeology. Some remarkable spots he was unable to visit, not from want of energy and perseverance, but owing to the obstinacy and unnecessary apprehensions of the inhabitants. At Kelat-i-Nadiri he was met, obstructed, and turned back. In spite of warnings and predictions of failure, he had actually intended to get through the celebrated gate of this town known as the Derbend-Arghawan Shah, when some half-dozen ragged soldiers rushed out, seized his horse by the bridle, and kindly informed him that if they had taken him to be a Russian, they would at once have shot him. The Khan or local potentate was away, and the telegraph wire to Teheran was broken, and there was nothing to be done except to retire, climb neighbouring hills, and take a calm survey of this fortified city from their summit. We are not convinced that the traveller lost much by his exclusion. The sketch at p. 135 shows that Kelat-i-Nadiri is a plateau surrounded by a mighty natural rampart; in some places a thousand feet in height. Famed in tradition as the scene of combats between the hero Rustain and Afrasiab, it became renowned in modern times as the place where Nadir Shah deposited his treasures on his return from the great loot of Delhi. As a military station it might not be of much advantage to an invading power, but, politically, its capture would be a "sair loss" to the Shah. More fortunate was Mr. Curzon in the result of his visit to Murghab and the Polvar river. Asiatics are generally quite unable to comprehend the European's love of exploration. They suspect some sinister object in the man who persists in dipping into mounds, copying inscriptions, photographing bas-reliefs, and exploring holes and corners. But in this instance there was no ragged soldier to bar the way. Mr. Curzon at great length discusses the identity of the existing monument at Murghab with the tomb of Cyrus. We are bound to say that the experts on whom he relies, including Sir H. Rawlinson, Grotefend, Rennell, and Fergusson, as well as his own local research and his exhaustive survey of ancient authors, justify him in the conclusion that the ruins of Murghab "are the very Pasargadæ which Cyrus built, and that the tomb of the mother of Solomon [the Persian tradition] is the very sepulchre where his [Cyrus's] body lay." Much time and labour has been spent on the travels and narratives of previous authors, beginning with Chardin and Tavernier and extending, through Malcolm, Eastwick, and Lady Sheil, down to such recent writers as Benjamin and Dr. E. Browne. It is a question whether Mr. Curzon ought not to have treated the whole subject in three distinct and consecutive parts or in three separate volumes. As it is, his transitions are perplexing. Chapters on the army and on institutions and reforms intervene between the northern provinces of Gelan and Mazendaran and the ride to Shiraz. From the tomb of Sadi we are sent back to the palace of Darius. Extracts from Arrian and Quintus Curtius come in oddly after a list of nomad tribes and a day's snipe-shooting in the reeds and marshes of Karabagh. Mr. Curzon, by the way, did not give much time or thought to sport; but tourists who care more for the francolin and the bustard than for the Bisitun or Behistan inscriptions may be assured that there is still an abundance of small game in the plains. We repeat that a threefold division of a great subject would have been preferable and politic. In the first volume, or in Part I., we could have gone straight from Ashkabad to Bunder Abbas through all modern Persia, threaded the crowded bazaars, drunk tea at the rest-houses, paid our respects to the Shah, and enjoyed the hospitality of Sir Drummond Wolff. Part II. would have set scholars thinking whether Quintus Curtius or Plutarch had any contemporary authorities to guide them, or whether M. Dieu Lafoy misread his originals or mis-

* *Persia and the Persian Question*. By the Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P., late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, Author of "Russia in Central Asia." 2 vols. London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

represented his facts. And Part III. would have told us what the author thinks of the chances of Persian regeneration, whether the English capitalist is to be out-generalled by the Russian merchant, and which Foreign Minister is to have the ascendancy at Teheran.

In the various chapters which treat of this part of the subject there is a good deal that commands attention, if not assent. That a large portion of Persia is sterile, bleak, and unattractive; that the soldiers are ill-equipped and ill-paid; that salt is covering the land, rivers are drying up, irrigation canals are blocked and useless; that the great causeway of Shah Abbas is no longer adapted to vehicles; that subsistence on *mudakhil* or perquisites, without any regular pay, is degrading and ruinous to administrative morality and efficiency; that the punishments of criminals, though no longer barbarous and horrifying, are very severe when exemption cannot be bought by the friends; that truth is not to be expected, and is not found, in the highest and the lowest, in the Amir, the Mirza, and the villager; all this is brought out in strong relief. Mr. Curzon perceives clearly that a kingdom with the corruption and the evil practices of centuries is not to be galvanized into activity and raised at once in the moral scale merely because the Shah has at last recognized the uses of roads and railroads, or has granted some queer concession to a sanguine speculator. Admitting that despotic power is now subject to a few checks, and that some material reforms have been introduced in the shape of banks, gas, the electric telegraph, a newspaper or two, and an improved currency, the author seems to admit that these things do not "constitute a State," and so intelligent an observer might have laid more stress than is laid at p. 486, vol. ii., on the one reform which ought to precede all others. This must be a complete change in the mode of assessing and collecting the revenue. A century's experience in India, with all its different systems, has proved, to mathematical certainty, that until this is effected one can expect no other improvement anywhere. The agriculturist must know for certain what he is to pay, and how and when. He must be protected from the merciless exactions of one harpy after another. He must have security of tenure, and certainty of the same assessment for ten, fifteen, or twenty years. The system of farming out the land revenue to contractors, favourites, and the highest bidder, for a year or so, combines the maximum of misery and oppression to the subject and the minimum of profit to the Crown. In another chapter Mr. Curzon talks about the necessity of a new moral "twist" in the Persian character. If he will consult the experts of the India Council by whom he is now surrounded he will find that the introduction of the Settlement Office, with some record of rights and responsibilities, or a Summary Settlement for a fixed period, is a condition precedent to any improvement whatever. Roads may come next, and then education; but a land *bund-o-bust*, to use the Persian phrase which has taken root in India, must be effected before any new institution can have any chance of survival and any inveterate abuse can be stamped out. We have no space left for other projects of military or social reform. A railway to Seistan, whether for trade or strategy, seems somewhat visionary; and again we say, if Mr. Curzon will look over the India Office Records of 1870-71, he will easily comprehend what seems to puzzle him, in the selection of Sir Richard Pollock to be a member of the Seistan Commission. Lord Mayo thought it indispensable that India should be represented by an officer well versed in Afghan and frontier politics, and no one could be found with a better claim than the then Commissioner of Peshawar. With this we commend these two volumes to the theorist, the politician, and the Dryasdusts of archaeology. To paraphrase Pope's lines, Mr. Curzon has not defaced the names of older writers to fix his own laboriously in their place. He will not consequently have soon to resign his own position, and for some time to come his book will rank as an interesting contribution to the records of an interesting and dilapidated kingdom.

NOVELS.

THE author of *Betsy* (London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), who discreetly hides her identity behind the initial V, has had the temerity to imitate Mr. Henry James. The boldness is the more reprehensible because Mr. James's charm proceeds from certain subtleties of style and presentment of which V is, and must ever remain, insensible. The workmanship is of the coarsest, and, as the matter is naught, the novel has small excuse for existence. Betsy would have been own sister to Daisy Miller had her character been efficiently realized. But though V, after the American custom, dispenses with a plot, she knows not how to portray character, so that her heroine is but a phonograph

fitted with vulgarisms. The trick is familiar to all readers of novels. Beneath an uncouth front and the liberal use of the vilest slang Betsy Yarborough cherishes a good heart. She leaves her native "Chichorgo" to "do" Europe, but snatches an hour from the turmoil of London and the gaiety of Ascot wherein to play the good fairy to Evelyn Vernon, the dutiful daughter of a British baronet. Now, Evelyn would have married a prig, Harry Gordon by name, who had yearnings for reform and a Radical seat. But her father objected to the match, not, as he might well have done, on account of the nobility of the gentleman's sentiments and his intolerable habit of platitude, but merely to carry the story to its appointed end and to give Betsy her chance. The patient daughter resigns her Radical without a murmur; while he turns misogynist, and devotes himself more fiercely than ever to politics. Though his moral tone is not one whit lowered, pessimism destroys his manners; and when he meets the lady, who jilted him from a sense of duty, he affronts her with hard words, and he would never have read the writing on her generous heart had not Betsy Yarborough opened his eyes. Such is the substance of this thrice-told tale, which is not separated from other versions of the same legend by any intelligence of treatment or felicity of phrase. The subsidiary characters, who are said to talk brilliantly, but never do, are only sawdust, and one, Lady Blanche Damer, purveys cheap epigrams, after the manner of Mr. Wilde. And this, indeed, is V's most heinous sin. To fail in the imitation of Mr. Henry James is superfluous, but pardonable; but why steal from the author of *Dorian Gray*?

His Great Self, by Marion Harland (London: Frederick Warne & Co.), deserves peculiar applause, for it is a story of the eighteenth century, and yet it is not destroyed by local colour. The author has sufficiently mastered her period, and appears to have caught the atmosphere of Virginia, which is the scene of the romance. But she does not weary you with catalogues of furniture or the inventories of wardrobes. Her characters are always well in hand, and emerge triumphant from the *mise-en-scène*. Miss Harland, in fact, has drawn her personages with the conviction bred of knowledge, and from Colonel William Bird, Master of Westover, to Caliban, the slave-boy, all are presented with truthfulness and fidelity. Though the issue is tragic, the story is not lacking in humour, nor is it ill written, and the style rises highest when the greatest demand is made upon it. Strangely enough, its motive is much the same as *Betsy's*, yet how different the treatment! Evelyn Bird, daughter of the Master of Westover, is in love with Lord Peterborough; but the rigid Protestantism of her father renders his daughter's marriage with a Catholic hateful to him. The young Englishman journeys to America to contrive an elopement. But Colonel Bird outwits him, and the suitor is kidnapped on board the boat which was to carry himself and his betrothed to England. The simple plot is excellently handled, and the author has managed to give us a vivid impression of the life and pursuits of a community of aristocratic Virginians. Not a few of the lesser characters, such as Fontaine, the Huguenot clergyman, are admirably touched in, and its several solid qualities give Miss Harland's story a place apart from the numberless machines of tedium which nowadays are labelled novels.

EDINBURGH SKETCHES AND MEMORIES.*

OF the making of books on Edinburgh there has of late been no end, but among the host it will not be easy to rank any one of greater interest or of more lasting importance than this volume of sketches and memories by Professor Masson, written by him for the pages of the *Scotsman* and other periodicals, and now published in a collected series. The first three papers deal with "Queen Mary's Edinburgh," and give an interesting description of the town as it then stood, both with regard to its buildings and geographical boundaries, and also its population.

"The situation of this city is pleasant," even the stranger must admit, but Professor Masson cannot refrain from attempting yet once again to describe this "romantic town, this gray metropolis of the north." And he has not failed in his endeavour. No citizen of Edinburgh can ever weary of hearing its praises written or sung. Professor Masson bids us "to remember that this is the city of ancient Scottish royalty; that there is not a close or alley in the old town, and hardly a street in the new, that has not memories of the great or the quaint attached to it; that the many generations of old Scottish life that have passed through it have left every stone of it, as it were, rich with legend." And if the sceptical Southron likes to have his faith tried, he can read

* *Edinburgh Sketches and Memories*. By David Masson, Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. London and Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

passages telling of how, when the sun shines, "the sky is blue as sapphire overhead; the waters of the Forth are clear to the broad sea; the hills and the fields of Fife are distinctly visible from every northern street and window; still more distant peaks are discernible on either horizon; and, as day goes down, the gables and pinnacles of the old houses blaze and glance with the radiance of the sunset." He will be more inclined to feel his feet planted on the eternal verities when he reads the description of the easterly haars, or sea fogs, in one of which it was the fate of Queen Mary to land, a mist that was to cover the land with darkness for five days, but which was not dark enough to prophesy the realities of that unhappy life and reign.

There are few people who have never heard of Edinburgh University, but the story of its foundation, its system of teaching, and of its first Regent, the Rev. Robert Rollock, may not be familiar to all, even to those who know well by sight the picture of "this round-headed, reddish-haired man of Stirlingshire birth, but of St. Andrews training," which hangs in the Senate Hall of Edinburgh University. Professor Masson has told clearly and well the story of this life and its work. "King James's Farewell to Holyrood" gives a vivid and picturesque account of the wonderful ride and arrival of Sir Robert Cary with the news of Elizabeth's death, and of the slower progress of Sir Charles Percy and Thomas Somerset, envoys from the English Privy Council, bearing the Proclamation made in Westminster of James as King of England, and themselves prepared to bring him back and bestow on England all the blessings of the Stuart dynasty. King James promised a visit to Scotland every three years, but once only, and that fourteen years after his accession to the English throne, did he permit the light of his anointed face to shine upon his Northern capital.

Space forbids our noticing all the interesting topics touched on in these papers; but of great importance amongst them is one entitled "Edinburgh through the Dundas Despotism." If any one wishes to arrive at some understanding of the obstinate Radicalism of Scotland at the present day, let him read what is here set down, and he will learn once again the time-honoured truth that it is human to revolt from a despotism, however benevolent and successful it may be in its operation. What the Whigs of that date would think of the party on whom their mantle has now fallen is another matter; but we believe we are not wrong in making two assertions. They would have scorned to submit to the despotism of a leader, raised on the shoulders of a democracy, deaf to the voice of that true ideal of liberty for which they contended, and bent only on shouting that the leader is of their choice, and not appointed by those who have the rule over them. And, further, we believe that they would be content, were they alive now, to return to that "despotism" when Scotland "was a country without political life, without public meetings, without newspapers, without a hustings," rather than have that political life represented by all that is most abhorrent to the ideas of true liberty, to life, and conscience; rather than see on their hustings, and occupying their chief seats, men who are renegades from their Whig faith, and whose political creed is reduced to a brutish utterance of party shibboleths.

At the close of this paper Professor Masson tells the story, from Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, how after a political debate Scott and Jeffrey, and another friend walked home across the Mound. Sir Walter's companions complimented him on his recent exhibition of rhetorical power; but it had been no mere effort of oratory to him, "No, no—'tis no laughing matter; little by little, whatever your wishes may be, you will destroy and undermine, until nothing of what makes Scotland Scotland shall remain." And, so saying, he turned round to conceal his agitation.

"Edinburgh [says Professor Masson] in 1806 is painted for us in that incident. Of the two men seen standing together on the Mound, under the tall clump of old houses which still on that spot arrests the eye of the visitor, the stalwart fair-haired one, leaning his head on the wall to conceal his tears, is the genius of the Scottish past, while his less moved companion, of smaller stature, with dark keen features and piercing hazel eyes, is the confident spirit of the Scottish future."

Place those two men on the Mound, in this the year 1892. Would not Scott feel that his had been the true prophecy, would not Jeffrey be forced to admit that the bright political future, with its confident hopes, had not been fulfilled, and that all the best Whig traditions had been trampled in the dust?

"People should be taught," says Carlyle, "that liberty is not the only thing to be aimed at," and Jeffrey, could he have seen where the swing of the pendulum from the "Dundas despotism," and its hated connexion with Toryism, would place his country, making of it, for the time being, a nation of fetish-worshippers, might, perchance, have felt in a less "confident spirit."

There is some consolation in the hope that the pendulum has

swung far and for long, and that when it swings back the change will be of like duration and stability. Political prophets think they see faint signs of such a change, and for these soothsayers, who labour in this arid desert, peopled by the inhabitants known as "Scotch members," or Gladstonian carpet-baggers, it is well to cherish this hopeful creed.

The essays dealing with the literary characters of Edinburgh are not less interesting than those which set forth its political history. Perchance some may think "Carlyle's Edinburgh Life" somewhat long, considering how much he has been with us of late. If, however, the curious wish to study the weaknesses of great minds, and to discover why Carlyle wrote slightly of Sir Walter, they may find it in the account given here of Goethe's well-meant efforts to bring the two together. We cannot help wondering why all sense of humour deserted Professor Masson when he offers an explanation and elucidation of Scott's delightful exclamation that "He was not fit to tie Shakspeare's brogues." Sir Walter doubtless meant a delicate compliment in furnishing Shakspeare with this form of Celtic foot-gear, and it is unkind to seriously point out that Shakspeare did not wear them, and, as brogues are not adapted for "muddy roads," it is irrelevant to point out that English roads are muddy.

Very delightful is the account of Lady Elizabeth Wardlaw, and of Baroness Nairne. Their histories prove that women are capable of keeping a secret, and their shamefaced silence with regard to their literary work is an interesting revelation of the attitude taken by "ungenerous mankind of the last century" towards female literary genius. It matters not now, "their works" have sunk into the life of their nation, and their name is an undying one wherever the Scottish people speak of "The Laird of Cockpen" and "Caller Herrin." If we regret, with Professor Masson, that Sir Walter had not the joy of recognizing in Lady Nairne the author of "The Land o' the Leal," we can rejoice that her Jacobite spirit was spared the insult of hearing that Scotland was "the land o' the leal Gladstonian." It would have been pleasant to introduce Robert Elsmere and David Grieve to the caustic old Scottish lady who, dealing with one such young gentleman, remarked, "Ye speak, sir, as if the Bible had just come oot."

Types such as are preserved in these "Sketches" are getting all too rare, and we are grateful to those who gather these "Memories" together and give them in so delightful a form to the reader.

BOOKS ON SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE.

MESSRS. Lawrence & Bullen were well inspired in making the Poems of Marvell (*The Poems and Satires of Andrew Marvell*. Edited by G. A. Aitken) the second item in their Muses' Library. There have, we believe, been some reprints of American editions of Marvell in England during the present generation; but the chief English issue for many years has been Dr. Grosart's privately printed one in four volumes, which is not readily accessible, and in which the mainly uninteresting prose works accompany the poems. We could, indeed, wish that in this reprint, which, for elegance of appearance and care of editing as regards the text and a certain kind of annotation, leaves nothing to desire, had confined itself to Marvell's non-political Poems. For his *Satires*, which fill the second volume in conjunction with some similar things pretty certainly not his, are not seldom dull, and are constantly dirty, with a dirt hardly elsewhere to be equalled. Mr. Aitken, who from one or two of his own notes appears to be a man of strong stomach, seems to miss the objection to this filth altogether. "They were not at all respectable people whom Marvell attacked," says he in effect. "Even Anne Hyde may have been not much better than she should be. Charles II. was not a good man or king," and so forth; these phrases, be it understood, being our summaries, not Mr. Aitken's own words. Nobody need traverse this counter-accusation, though we at least are sorry to find an Englishman of to-day listening to the scoundrels whom Grammont presents to us, ready to swear away Anne's character while they thought it would please their master and no longer. The question is not whether Charles's actions were wrong and his Court immoral, but whether Marvell's rebukes are not rather fouler than the things he rebukes. We think they are. The non-political lines on Fleecoe contain passages which incline one to ask for a basin or a glass of brandy; and the same may be said of the poem which contains the best passages of all, the "Last Instructions to a Painter."

Far different is the stuff on which Marvell's fame as a poet really rests, the amatory and descriptive verses which were composed, almost without exception, before the Restoration. It is true that

he is a writer who is rarely at his best for long. Had he been able to keep at the level of the four magnificent lines

My love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis, for object, strange and high,
It was begotten by Despair
Upon Impossibility,

he would have ranked with any lyric poet of the century. But there is hardly another stanza in this particular poem which is good for anything at all. "The Bermudas" is but a fragment for all its beauty. The exquisite "Coronet," though complete, is short, and has no fellow. The well-known Nymph complaining for the death of her fawn is excessively pretty; but its prettiness is a little, a very little, namby-pamby. "The Garden," like the "Coronet" and "The Bermudas," has, indeed, no flaws; and it is hardly possible to praise the "Horatian Ode" (as to the Marvellian authorship of which Mr. Aitken, we are glad to see, has no doubts) too highly, albeit its finest lines are certainly those devoted to the hero's victim, not to the hero himself. But Marvell's poetical baggage, it must be admitted, is not large, and only a small part of it is of really fine quality. That part, however, is so fine, and part, again, of that part is so individual, that he must always be saved by it. The splendid stanza above quoted might, indeed, have been written by Donne, and by more followers of Donne than one. "The Coronet" looks as if it had strayed from Vaughan, or as if some unwonted rapture had swept Herbert above his usual level. But in two different and strangely contrasted ways the "Horatian Ode" and the group containing "The Bermudas," "The Nymph and the Fawn," "The Garden," and parts of "Appleton House," show an individual as well as a poetical poet. Not only could no cavalier have bettered the passage on the King's martyrdom, but no cavalier then living could have given just the marmorean touch of

But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed.

Nor was there (though there had been) any one who would have written the

Like golden lamps in a green night

of "The Bermudas," which may be compared with the less happy form in "The Garden"—

Annihilating all that's made,
To a green thought in a green shade.

These and other things are never to be undervalued or forgotten. Therefore we welcome this edition, though, as in his *Arbutnot* and elsewhere in Mr. Aitken's work, we miss the *mot juste* of criticism which an editor should know how to give.

If we had any cause of anger with Mr. Furness, who has now added *The Tempest* (London and Philadelphia: Lippincott) as the ninth volume to that remarkable monument of industry, his *variorum* Shakspeare, the following lines should mend all broken squares between us.

'Lastly [says Mr. Furness], is there any really valuable end to be gained by an investigation, such as is set forth in the preceding pages, into the years when Shakspeare wrote this play? Is there any possible intellectual gain in the knowledge of its exact date? Do we thrill with pleasure in contemplating the year 1610 as that wherein *The Tempest* was written? Do Ariel's songs sound the sweeter for it? Are we to be thankful to Shakspeare for having written his plays in certain years, or are we to be thankful for the plays themselves?'

These are most comfortable words, and for them we shall entirely forgive Mr. Furness the only crime—and that is hardly a crime—which we have noticed in him, the expense of a great deal of superfluous indignation on Dryden's and Davenant's version of *The Tempest*. Not, we suppose, that anybody is likely to regard that version as anything but a travesty, and a very ugly travesty, of a great and charming original. But then it was quite certain, and Mr. Furness admits as much, that any such version produced in full Restoration would be this. Why then abuse it, and waste scores of precious pages in printing it, and gratuitously assume that Dryden and not Davenant is the guilty party; and, worst of all, why fetch in a Captain Upton to abuse Dryden for false sea terms which are demonstrably printers' errors? And why lift up the hoof and the howl over the fact, alleged by a German, that the additions to the story are taken from Calderon? Suppose they are; did a certain W.S. himself never take his goods where he found them? Mr. Furness might very well have spent a page or two on showing the woeful change of taste which a single generation saw, but he need not have made such a fuss about it, and, above all, he should have been more accurate in his indictment. Elsewhere we have as usual little but praise for him. As examples of careful and judicious annotation, the three long notes on "scamels" and "rack" and "euens" may be cited, all the more so that the

variorum collections here show that curious beast the commentator at his tricks in divers, but by no means equally disgusting, ways. On "scamels" he had a right to be exercised, though Mr. Furness, we are glad to see, is in his heart of hearts absolutely indifferent to the morphology of scamels. It is, we believe, now said that they are Norfolk for young godwits. For ourselves, we believe that in the great Shakspearian menagerie they occupy the next cage to the pajoeks and one not far removed from that of the handsaws; that they take exercise daily on a table of green fields, and refresh themselves with esil. On "rack," of course, the commentator has made a gratuitous fool of himself, and Mr. Furness chronicles and calendars his folly with a grave and chaste impartiality. But on "euens" commenting was justified of its children, for the discovery that the so-called First Folio is a by no means one and indivisible thing, but varies from itself, was not trivial and was due to this. Of such things is this large and good book full.

The sixth volume of the new Cambridge Shakspeare (Macmillan) contains *Troilus and Cressida*, *Coriolanus*, *Titus Andronicus*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, and, like its predecessors, is worthy of the editor.

It is interesting to turn, as the Shakspearian reviewer must often do, from the strenuous and intelligent compiling of Mr. Furness, and the editorial scholarship of Mr. Aldis Wright, to the elect Clelia, who, in *Great Pan Lives* (London: Luzac), returns to the argument of *God in Shakspeare*, and continues it by printing certain of the sonnets, and facing them with prose paraphrases. Thus, Shakspeare having written—

Mine eye hath played the painter, and hath stelled
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My Body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.

Clelia obliges with the following face-to-face exegesis:—

- (1) My perception hath drawn
- (2) Beauty's form upon my heart.
- (3) Its frame am I;
- (4) And its effect, its projection by art is true to beauty.

Again, Shaxper:—

"I grant thou wert not married to my muse."

Clelia:—

"I grant that my pen has no exclusive right in beauty."

Shaxper:—

"They that have power to hurt and will do none."

Clelia:—

"If genius inspired by beauty is capacious of ill,
yet will do no ill."

And so on.

We prefer Shaxper.

The madness of the excellent Mrs. Pott in *Francis Bacon and his Secret Society* (London: Sampson Low) is more methodical and laborious than Clelia's. Those who remember Mrs. Pott's prelections on the *Promus*, the care with which she produced evidence of the fact that "Is it possible?" occurs in Shakspeare (which, as it was profanely pointed out at the time, shows that George of Denmark wrote the plays), and all the rest of it, will be prepared to find her equally grave, equally laborious, equally futile here. Watermarks are at present her chief, but not her only, game, and in a merry hunt she demonstrates that a "secret society," with Francis and Anthony Bacon at the head, wrote, as far as we can make it out, all the great books of the seventeenth century, even if they have not been writing all the great books of the eighteenth and nineteenth. For, says Mrs. Pott, look at the first edition of Ben Jonson's works, and you will find a "bar" in the paper, with marks which can be got, if you make believe a great deal and take trouble enough, first into R.C. (Rosy Cross, of course), and then into Anthony. (By the way, St. Anthony was always accompanied by a Pig, and what is Pig but Bacon? There's pansies for Mrs. Pott!) Also she is greatly exercised over the pots which are so well known in paper-marks. "The pots have no bars," says she. Why, of course not. Limitless, unbarred, is the ingenuity of all pots, and of this Mrs. Pott in particular. Yet, haply, it may make a man "sick and almost sad" to see so much patient and evidently well-meaning labour spent on such utter folly as this. Mrs. Pott has laboriously read a great many Elizabethan writers, and seems to think highly of them. But she has read them not for their poetry, not for their wisdom, not for their display of life and thought, but as mere brute materials for the construction and buttressing of an impossible hypothesis which, if its truth were as certain as its falsehood is, would not add one jot to their interest or their value, and which outrages probability, common-sense, evidence both internal and external, for no demonstrable or conceivable return. It is satisfactory to the amiable mind to turn once more from this

folly to the first volume of a new *Elizabethan Library* (Elliot Stock). This Library is generally edited by Dr. Grosart, and the particular volume, *A Cabinet of Gems*, from Sir Philip Sidney, appears under the care of Dr. George MacDonald. Although various attempts have been made to popularize Sidney, it may be doubted whether anything of his, save the sonnets which Lamb quoted and the *Defence of Poetry* which has recently been made a school book, is well known to the general. Dr. MacDonald has designedly drawn on the *Arcadia* most of all; and though his excerpts are perhaps at times a thought too scrappy, we welcome them very gladly. The book is a very pretty little one, quite pocketable, indulged with old-faced type and pleasant paper, and clad in sober green powdered with gold lilies. Raleigh, another good subject, is promised "to follow," and thereafter many other worthies.

THE LIFE OF SIR EVELYN WOOD.*

MR. WILLIAMS, in his preface, says that a taste for military biography is one of the features of the time, and that there does not seem to be any adequate reason why it should be confined to worthies who have passed away. There appear to us to be several excellent reasons why the old custom by which men were prevented from reading their own lives should not be departed from. The most important one is perhaps that it is not easy, in some cases, to do full justice to one man who is alive without hurting the feelings of another contemporary, and that, therefore, the account of personal details of events had better be deferred until the actors in them have passed away. But, independently of how such writing may affect other people, we can scarcely imagine that a biography written in the lifetime of its subject can be satisfactory even to him; for either the author will give offence by saying too little, or disgust by an excess in the other direction. No man likes to be paid broad compliments in public, and warriors who are usually as modest as they are brave should least of all enjoy it. We are as well aware as is Mr. Williams that a certain class of people do plume themselves on flattering notices in papers which retail accounts of "interviews," or of the social life of celebrities, and that many, women especially, read such stuff largely; but none the less are we disposed to think that the instincts of an Englishman teach him to shun such exhibitions of himself, and that the reticence and reserve about their personal courage which is held good form amongst schoolboys is also generally observed by heroes of mature age. Mr. Williams, however, is clearly not of our way of thinking, and it must be admitted has the courage of his convictions. No qualms as to fulsome compliments vex his soul for a moment; he lays it on thick all round with a broad brush. Marbot, it seems, is in fact scarcely in it with Sir Evelyn. He, after all, was only a soldier; and, although his adventures are sufficiently extraordinary, still they were achieved on only one element; whereas those of the "living Bayard" were accomplished by sea also, and he is not only the leading soldier of his time, but is also almost equally unrivalled in the hunting-field, or as an architect, or a doctor, or in any other rôle he chooses to assume. But Mr. Williams has somewhat spoilt the effect of his picture by the quantity of more or less irrelevant detail with which he has encumbered it.

Sir Evelyn has so highly distinguished himself during a long career of active service, and his reputation stands so deservedly high with the public, that it was surely scarcely necessary to quote a certificate such as is given to every well-behaved officer afloat, at the close of a commission, from the captain of the ship in which he was a naval cadet, to prove that while on board he "conducted himself with diligence and sobriety." Later on, too, it is gratifying, but scarcely interesting nowadays, to find that "he also affords satisfactory proof of his being fourteen years of age," or even that he had "a due knowledge of steering and managing a boat under oars and sails, and of knotting and splicing." The really valuable testimony which is subsequently given as to his deeds in the Black Sea, for which he should undoubtedly have received that Victoria Cross which he subsequently obtained in India, is marred by being associated with trivialities such as these.

Sir Evelyn's greatest chance came to him when the Mutiny broke out, and he sailed for Bombay and reached the city, "*primis* in India," whatever that may mean, just before Christmas 1857. In India during the next three years Lieutenant Wood did excellent work, and, it may be as well to remind those critics who found fault with his appointment to superintend the Cavalry manoeuvres of two years ago, as a Cavalry officer. He was much

employed during this time with native horse, and it was with them that he gained his Victoria Cross at Sindwaho; but why should Mr. Williams disparage his hero and his sowers by the remark that "even in his own regiment he was looked upon as a fully qualified and trained cavalry officer"?

It is, however, in the portion where the Zulu war is dealt with the pages before us will cause most offence. To rake up the controversies that have now lain slumbering for fourteen years is very far from our intention, but when one man's reputation is exalted at the expense of another's, it becomes a duty, especially when that man is still alive, to show that there is another side to the shield. The Sir Evelyn Wood rendered in South Africa was admittedly great, and received ample recognition, both at the time and since. He undoubtedly showed himself a dashing, energetic officer, and a good leader of men. It is easy to give him all possible credit, however, and yet do no injustice to Lord Chelmsford; and moreover it may be retorted by the friends of the latter that, if at the beginning of the invasion of Zululand he did not escape disaster, it was rather by good luck than good guidance that his lieutenant evaded a precisely similar fate. Zululand and the Zulus were little understood when our force first crossed the frontier. In the previous campaign but little fighting power had been shown by the natives, and it was erroneously imagined that all South African tribes were alike. The mistake was due, at least, as much to the want of a proper Intelligence Department at the War Office as to any deficiency on the part of our leader. We were rudely awakened to the true state of things at Isandhlwana; but it is fair to point out that Lord Chelmsford was not himself present at that fight, and that the orders which he had issued when he left the camp were not obeyed as they should have been. On the other hand, Wood was present at, and was fully responsible for, the action at the Inhlobana Mountain, in which we lost twelve officers and eighty men killed of the British force alone, and that, too, with no object gained. Fortunately for Wood's reputation, he was attacked the very next day, succeeded in beating off the Zulu army, and Inhlobana was retrieved by and forgotten in Kambula. Lord Chelmsford lost his first fight too, and also made good his reputation in the end at Ulundi. Mr. Williams, however, would deny to Lord Chelmsford any credit even for that battle. He says, "Now this is very nice of Lord Chelmsford, for it is evident from the official report that it was Sir Evelyn Wood's column which really won the victory of Ulundi." He goes on to prove this by saying that Buller, who scouted the previous day, began the battle, completed the rout, and burnt the kraals. Moreover, he contends, the 13th Regiment bore the brunt of the fighting. The answer to which is that Buller is not Wood, and that, at the time of the battle of Ulundi, he was exercising an almost independent command, and that his success had more to do with Chelmsford's than Wood's orders. The 13th Regiment undoubtedly formed part of the front face of the square when it crossed the White Umvolosi, but where all did gallantly, it is a nice question to decide how much of the Zulu rush any individual battalion warded off when they enveloped our little band. Praise from Lord Wolseley, no doubt, is praise indeed; although we may hazard a doubt as to "every shade of censure" which he can convey to his friends at least; yet the taste which can quote the letter from him on p. 104 is not to be commended.

We hardly think Sir Evelyn will feel grateful to his biographer for reviving the recollections that still hang round the close of the Boer campaign. There is absolutely no ground for the assumption made by Mr. Williams that Sir Frederick Roberts came out "prepared to do as the Government would." Sir Frederick came out to fight, and the deep chagrin which he and all our troops felt at the sudden collapse of hostilities was due chiefly to the suspicion that the same feeling which had egged on Colley to fight at Majuba had hurried on the conclusion of peace. Neither is anything brought forward to substantiate the misrepresentation of Sir Evelyn's views which is mysteriously hinted at.

With what is said in the subsequent chapters of the book as to all Sir Evelyn has done to improve our drill and tactics we cordially agree; but, except to swell the bulk of the volume, there seems little reason for appending in full his report on the recent manoeuvres in Hampshire, which occupies some fifty pages, and is already familiar to all it is ever likely to concern.

From what we have said it will be apparent that we cannot applaud the taste which is exhibited throughout these pages. "Gush" is what we especially dislike, and it is peculiarly out of place in a soldier's biography. Further—questions with regard to taste may be open to opinion; but in writing there is less margin to be allowed, and such phrases which tell us that "Lord Wolseley . . . wrote Major Wood" that Lord Chelmsford "warmed up a little," or that "all that was left of a 10-ton boat

* *The Life of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., &c.* By Charles Williams, F.J.I. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1892.

was some shapeless heavy planks," &c., can be permitted by neither gods nor men. And there are some errors of fact scattered through the pages which also must be noticed. We are told on p. 51 that "Major Wood became a brevet Lieutenant-Colonel by seniority, this being the first real fruits of his sums spent in purchasing previous steps." Major Wood's brevet rank was gained by virtue of the service he had seen, and had nothing whatever to do with purchase. In spite also of the efforts of Mr. Gladstone, it is not necessary as yet to speak of "the United Kingdom, including Ireland" (p. 64). Nor is it fair to the memory of the late Principal Veterinary Surgeon Fleming to leave out of sight the fact that the large vaccine establishment which has done such good work at Aldershot was started by him, and that the larger share of credit in that matter is his, and not Sir Evelyn's. Without being hypercritical, we may, perhaps, also be allowed to take exception to the following sentence:—

"These qualities were more perceptible to Sawbones Bey than to me, and, indeed, the operation was so singular and curious that it was well it was so easy, if, indeed, not more so was the operation of getting a nugger, or ordinary sailing Nubian craft of some forty tons, through the huge U-shaped notch which forms the eastern side of the bab or gate, and over which the stream was running fast and strong the day Lord Wolseley went to see the performance of the sailor-men, assisted by crowds of Nubians, sent up for the purpose by the Mudir of Eneh, and by a number of natives belonging to the vicinity of the Cataract, who claim a traditional right to get vessels through or past the obstructions."

Sir Evelyn is a capable man. If, however, he can "get through or past the obstructions" here, he will, indeed, be worthy of all the "gush" with which the cataracts have inspired the pen of his biographer.

TWO CARLYLE BOOKS.*

LAST Words of Thomas Carlyle seems a bold name to give to a book when one considers how unresting Carlyle's pen was and how great a mass of his letters must be still in existence destined to reach the press sooner or later. Moreover, the volume contains within it that which should have made the unnamed editor pause before choosing the title. The first of the three parts of these so-called "Last Words" is the hitherto unpublished attempt at a novel called *Wotton Reinfred*. Now we know that Carlyle tried many subjects in his life, and on finding them unfit threw them aside. It will be no matter for surprise if other fragments are in time published from out of the mass of his remaining manuscript. On the point whether *Wotton Reinfred* ought ever to have been printed at all there may possibly be a difference of opinion. Our own is that Carlyle's executors—whose consent has, we take it for granted, been secured—would have consulted his wish if they had left it as they found it, and that to them his wish ought to be sacred. The book, or rather beginning of a book, was written in 1828, when the author was seeking his way, and was dropped when his critical faculty clearly told him that it did not lie in the writing of novels. At a much later date he described it as "a dreary zero" which "went wholly to the fire." This then was his belief as to its fate, and his executors would have deserved his approval if they had carried out what was manifestly his intention. To publish it now has to us too much the look of the work of the "literary resurrection-man." What justification those who are responsible may think they have for the publication we are not told. Indeed, the volume has neither note nor introduction. It does not so much as give the date of composition, which is, however, to be found in Mr. Norton's edition of the *Letters* for 1826 to 1832. If it is any excuse for what is, in the opinion we take it of most people, an error in conduct and taste, that *Wotton Reinfred* has a certain biographical value, the editor may avail himself of that plea. The "dreary zero" will show what vehicle for his thought Carlyle tried and condemned before he formed *Sartor Resartus* in 1830. It will also show how strongly he was influenced by *Wilhelm Meister*. Finally, it will confirm those who have refused to be influenced by much recent foolish hubbub, in the opinion they have always held of the intellectual honesty of Carlyle, his literary conscience, and the unsparing, rigid justice of his self-criticism in matters of art. There are persons who are fond of remarking, with a curious complacency, that he did not take to other forms of literature till he found that he could not write a novel. For our part, we most devoutly wish that some who have even better reason for making the discovery

would follow his example. It would be so good for them and us if they could only get to see when they have produced a "dreary zero."

The other two parts of the volume we shall postpone for a moment, in favour of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's "Conversations." This is indeed a book which is well entitled to a place of honour, for it is by far the most sane, the most kindly, and the most critical estimate of Carlyle published as yet. Mr. Masson's little pamphlet is very similar in spirit, but it wants the scope, colour, and convincing evidence of Sir Charles Duffy's book. If the author had called it the *History of a Friendship*, his title would have been even more accurate than that which he has preferred. Friendship was his motive for writing.

"It has [he says] been a personal pain to me in recent time to find, among honourable and cultivated people, a conviction that Carlyle was hard, selfish, and arrogant. I knew him, intimately, for more than an entire generation—as intimately as one who was twenty years his junior, and who regarded him with unaffected reverence as the man of the most undoubted genius of his age, ever did. I saw him in all moods and under the most varied conditions, and often tried his impatient spirit by dissent from his cherished convictions, and I found him habitually serene and considerate, never, as so many have come to believe of his ordinary mood, arrogant or impatient of contradiction. I was engaged for nearly half the period in the conflict of Irish politics, which, from his published writings, one might suppose to be utterly intolerable to him; but the readers of these letters will find him taking a keen interest in every honest attempt to raise Ireland from her misery, reading constantly, and having sent after him, wherever he went, the journal which embodied the most determined resistance to misgovernment from Westminster, and throwing out friendly suggestions from time to time how the work, as far as he approved of it, might be more effectually done. This is the real Carlyle: a man of generous nature, sometimes disturbed on the surface by trifling troubles, but never diverted at heart from what he believed to be right and true."

If now this passage is taken with one in a letter from Carlyle to Sir Charles, written in 1846, the terms on which they stood to one another can be clearly understood:—

"I would like much to talk weeks with you on these subjects [Irish subjects, historical and other]; for it seems to me, as I have said already, Ireland, which means many millions of my own brethren, has again a blessed chance in having made a man like you speak for her, and also (excuse the sincerity of the word) that your sermon to her is by no means yet according to the real gospel in that matter."

Carlyle and Sir Charles Duffy, in fact, agreed to agree in essentials as to the end, and to differ widely in opinion as to the means. Between two honest men there cannot be a better condition for the establishment of a lasting and interesting friendship.

Seen by such a witness, Carlyle is not unnaturally found to differ widely from the lurid personage who figures for him in some other quarters. That he could be fierce and impatient is of course true. Sir Charles describes one scene in which it came to a blaze up between them, and he gave his Roland a very vehement Carlylese Oliver; but the elder man took the hits with perfect temper, and their friendship was never a whit the worse. That it endured is unquestionably largely due to the fact that Sir Charles Duffy is one of the few Irishmen whose patriotism is not absolutely skinless. Knowing that Carlyle meant Ireland well in his way, he could listen without flying in a rage when he heard the Union compared to the indissoluble marriage of a thick-skinned labouring man with a drunken ill-tongued wife, or heard the favourite eloquence of Irish patriotism dismissed as "the prophesying of a plausible son of lies." There are Irishmen whose tolerance of such sayings would not be to their credit, but they are very different persons from Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. He understood what his friend meant by saying in a beautiful letter written to himself when in prison in 1848, that Repeal would do Ireland no good "except accompanied by *repeal from the Devil*." The misfortune was that Sir Charles was almost alone in his understanding. The passages which deal with Ireland in this volume are naturally many, and assuredly they are not less valuable now than when they were written or spoken between these friends. But by insisting on them alone we should give an entirely false view of the scope of the book. A very wide gallery of persons and things is surveyed in it. As Sir Charles took notes at the time, he has been able to preserve the tone and flavour of Carlyle's talk with quite Boswellian vivacity. There is neither arrogance nor splanetic ill temper in it. There is, indeed, a manifest and perfectly well justified confidence in his own intellectual power, "by fools mistook" for vanity; but it shows itself only in the authority of the utterance, never in mere assertion. The judgments are generally good-natured, as when, for instance, Sir Charles expressed his own

* *Conversations with Carlyle*. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

Last Words of Thomas Carlyle. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

opinion that Talfourd owed his reputation to "unduly favourable criticism by his literary associates of two generations. Carlyle said not so in any sinister sense. He had lived among literary people from the time of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, had probably done them many kindnesses, and kept coquetting with letters from that time to this, and so they took an interest in him, and praised his plays, over-praised them probably; but Talfourd had not stimulated or invited this sort of notice." We commend that tone to certain "brisk little somebody critics and whippersnappers in a rage to set things right" who talk about log-rolling. Again there is a letter written on behalf of Macready to Sir Charles when in Australia, which is a model of kind, good sense and generous praise. This note is not always maintained. There is a passage of bitter scorn about Disraeli, and another of contempt about Hartley Coleridge which has given pain. But that Carlyle did not like Jews, and loathed that particular Jew, and that he could not away with the whole element in which the Coleridges lived, we knew. "All kinds of men and weather must be taken in together," and the world is not the worse because it includes Carlyle with Coleridge. We shall not quote any of the many passages about men of such intrinsic interest as Burke, Dickens, Thackeray, Mill, which are scattered through the book. It is not the reviewer's business to make pemmican for lazy readers, but to tell them what they will find. In this book they will find much to correct prevailing false notions about a very great writer, and also, if they read properly, not a little which is to the honour of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

And now we can go back to the rashly named *Last Words of Thomas Carlyle*. In addition to the exhumed *Wotton Reinfred*, at which the critic may look once and not quite waste his time, there are in it the letters to Varnhagen von Ense, and to Vehse, together with a few of Mrs. Carlyle's to Amely Bölte. These last are bright and keen, but they want explaining, also the persons and things mentioned in them, too, generally want interest for us. The letters to Varnhagen and Vehse are, for the most part, about literature, history, "and such high matters." Their interest is considerable, but it is seldom personal. From a note of Varnhagen's, given in German, we learn that Carlyle produced a very disagreeable impression on Tieck. By far the most valuable part of the book are the notes of the excursion to Paris in 1851 with the Brownings. It is as good an example as we know of the action of that "sensitive plate" which Carlyle carried in his eye when the said eye was in an atrabilious mood. A comparison between it and the copious quotations given by Mr. Froude from the notes of the short tour made with Mr. Spring Rice in 1842 in the Admiralty yacht, is to the credit of the biographer's taste. The earlier narrative is by far the more genial of the two, and has passages both of description and of criticism which are incomparably more pleasant than anything in the later. The different circumstances of the two trips possibly account for the contrast of tone. On the Admiralty cutter there was order and quiet efficiency, which were more favourable to the production of good temper than the racket of French railways and the endless clatter of French streets and hotels. Besides, on the second occasion Carlyle was engaged in a fashion which always had a bad effect on his nerves. He was dancing attendance on Lady Ashburton, and it is a fact for which we undertake to produce fifty pieces of evidence, that proximity to that "gracious lady" always reduced him to his worst, and set him swearing at the nature of things. In this humour he went through and then described the trip to Paris. The sea-sickness of his fellow-passengers across the Channel, the wordy fuss on the French railways, with their detestable practice of penning passengers up and then letting them out with a rush to scramble for seats, the cackle of the officials, the delays at the octroi, the tawdry smartness of the hotel, the immense difficulty of getting a *baquet* to tub in, the tedium of dinners with glassy-eyed Portuguese diplomatists, the slovenly briskness of the streets horribly barren of the "genus gentleman (if taken strictly)," and contradiction of sinners in general, are all noted down "with the sharpness of faculty which stirred cholera gives to a man." It has all made some of our French friends very angry. They say they are angry because of a portrait of Thiers, which is, however, such an admirable example of Carlyle's powers as an etcher that we wonder Mr. Froude has not quoted it already, and shall give it here:—

"M. Thiers is a little brisk man towards sixty, with a round, white head, close cropped, and of solid business form and size; round, fat body, tapering like a ninepin into fat feet, and ditto hands; the eyes hazel, and of quick, comfortable, kindly aspect; small Roman nose; placidly sharp, fat face, puckered eyewards (as if all gravitating towards the eye); voice, of thin treble, peculiarly musical; gives you the notion of a frank, social kind of creature, whose cunning must lie deeper than words, and who, with whatever polissonerie may be in him,

has absolutely no malignity towards any one, and is not the least troubled with self-seeking. He speaks in a good-humoured treble croak, which hustles itself along in continuous copiousness, and but for his remarkably fine voice would be indistinct—which it is not, even to a stranger. "Oh bah! eh b'en lui disais j—" &c., in a monotonous, low, gurgling key, with occasional sharp yelping warbles (very musical all, and inviting to cordiality and *laissez-aller*), it is so he speaks, and with such a copiousness as even Macaulay cannot rival. "Oh, bah! eh b'en!" I have not heard such a mild broad river of discourse; rising anywhere, tending anywhere. His little figure sits motionless in its chair; the hazel eyes, with face puckered round them, looking placidly animated; and the lips, presided over by the little hook-nose, going, going."

It would be pleasant to have M. Bonnat's fine portrait with those words on the frame hanging on one's walls.

TO CANDIDATES AND OTHERS.*

IT would be hardly possible, we suppose, for any publication to be more happily timed than this issue of Part II. of this well-known text-book on election law. It completes the sixteenth edition of a most useful manual, if two stout volumes, the latter containing some nine hundred pages, can be so styled without abuse of language; and it makes its appearance at what may be truly described as the psychological moment. Had it appeared earlier in the year, its instructions might have been read and forgotten before the writs for the new Parliament are out; had it come only a week or two later, the citizen, however industrious, might have been unable to master its contents. As it is, the conscientious candidate and the austere agent will, it is to be assumed, devote their nights and days to its pages, especially to those which compose Chapters ix. and xv., wherein the subjects of "Election Expenses" and "Illegal Practices, &c." are respectively dealt with. Far be it from us to affirm that the latter of these two sections of the book—to say nothing of those three other chapters which set forth the law relating to "bribery," "treating," and "undue influence"—contains any information not already revealed to the intending candidate by the light of his own virtuous nature. Happily we live in days when no aspirant to a seat in Parliament is in the least likely to be wilfully guilty of "illegal practices." Still he might be inadvertently betrayed into " &c. "; and for this reason it would be as well for him, perhaps, to study Chapter xv. with some care, while he might read the chapters on Bribery and Treating for their mere historical interest, and to give him the satisfaction of reflecting that such things are no longer possible.

The editor, Mr. S. H. Day, has done his work with ability and care. His arrangement is good; his summaries of reported decisions are as lucid as they are concise; his notes are useful and informing; his cases are scrupulously brought up to date; his index is excellent. It is not his fault that after all his efforts to give precision to election-law the ancient glory of its uncertainty remains comparatively undimmed, and still encircles with a halo of peculiar radiance its two most important heads. The law of agency wanders yet in "the wilderness of single instances" with Lord Tennyson's young man, while the law of corrupt practices is in nearly the same inaccessible situation. If in either instance the expert is asked for a definition, he can only reply by a simple, if somewhat tedious, enumeration of all the acts, words, or proceedings generally which have been judicially accepted as proof of agency, and of all the forms of conduct which have been judicially held to constitute a corrupt practice. It has never yet, said Lord Blackburn, in the *Bridgwater* case, "been distinctly and precisely defined what degree of evidence is required to establish such a relation between the sitting member and the person guilty of corruption as should constitute agency." And he cheerfully adds that "No one as yet has been able to go further than to say as to some cases enough has been established; as to others, enough has not been so established, to vacate the seat." Unenterprising, indeed, must be the defeated candidate; vastly too much must he fear his fate, or lamentably small must be his desert, who dares not have a shot at the sitting member (un-sportsmanlike as it sounds), if there seems a chance of bringing home a corrupt practice to any one who "has been living at the same house or inn" with such sitting member (*2nd Horsham Case*), or has been "seen arm-in-arm with him on his canvass" (*2nd Sligo Case*), or has said that "he brought him down to contest the election," &c. (*Beverley Case*), or "has personally introduced voters to him or him to voters" (*Penryn Case*), or has done anything from which it may be inferred that the candidate has "either

* *Rogers on Elections*. Part II. Sixteenth edition. By S. H. Day. London: Stevens & Son. 1892.

directly or by his authorized agent employed him," or "to some extent put himself in his hands," or "made common cause with him for the purpose of promoting his (the candidate's) election." As to what constitutes a corrupt practice the defeated competitor, anxious to unseat his rival, will find plenty of encouragement in the present state of the law, as set forth in this volume, for fighting any point which has the slightest claim to be considered doubtful. Here, for instance, is the ever-memorable, and, to our thinking, ever questionable, Launceston case—the case of the "rabbits"—where it was held a corrupt practice for a landlord voluntarily to recognize a certain "concurrent right" in his tenants which Sir William Harcourt has earned deathless fame by placing on a statutory basis. In this case Mr. Justice Mellor said that "what was done was done not so much from an abstract sense of justice as from a desire to influence the election." Suppose it had been said that what Sir William did was done, not so much from an abstract sense of justice, as to reward the farmers for their votes at a previous election. What indignation the slander would have aroused! Here also is that lovely pair, the two "coal cases" of Windsor and Boston, in the latter of which a candidate who had made a distribution of coals "a considerable time before the election, stating that he wished them distributed to all deserving poor, whether voters or not," was unseated; while in the former case where a candidate had made a similar distribution, with beef and tea thrown in, "a long time before the election," and had admitted that he "had had the election to a certain extent in view," the petition was dismissed. It was ruled by the election judge—a casuist evidently of the first force—that "where two motives could exist, the one pure and the other corrupt, there was no necessity to impute the corrupt motive"—*semble*, even where it is avowed. So that apparently "It's no matter what you do, if your heart be only true, although you do think of your poll."

A DANGEROUS JEST.

ONE would have thought, especially just now, that there were speeches enough made in the United Kingdom, and that the endeavour to stimulate the production of that commodity was one which no Christian man would make. Alas! One who is not only a Christian but a Conservative, and, moreover, for the next few days at any rate, a member of Parliament, has published a work which, whatever his intention may have been, is, we fear, but too likely to have that disastrous result. It cannot be doubted that the book is intended for a merry joke, not without a pleasant dash of bitters; but it is conceived with so much daring, such foolhardy reliance on the appreciation by the general of satirical humour, that it is more than likely to have the gloomiest practical consequences.

The Speaker's A B C (London: T. Fisher Unwin) the little volume is called, and the author is Mr. Arthur Montagu Brookfield, member for the Rye Division of Sussex. Premising that anybody may be called upon at any time to make a speech, Mr. Brookfield proposes to show him how it ought to be done—nay, worse, to do it for him. This he does principally by way of example. He reports the proceedings of a (perhaps) imaginary dinner of a "Commercial Association" in a provincial town in a skillfully contrived tabular form. His description is in three columns. Column A, which occupies the whole of the left-hand page, contains what the speakers said, or might have said, or (most likely) what Mr. Brookfield habitually says when he has to deal with the specified toasts. The right-hand page is divided into column B, which is headed "Comments," and column C, which is supposed to contain "Suggestions." As a matter of fact, either name would have done for both columns, which are practically indistinguishable from each other; and if the object of the treatise had not been facetiousness, both—or indeed all three—might have been headed "Twaddle" appropriately enough. In this style, Mr. Brookfield, with harrowing conscientiousness, goes right through the whole dreary performance, eviscerating nothing, and setting everything down in malice, from "the Queen" and the "Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Rest of the Royal Family," down to "The Press," coupled with name of our friend Mr. —, of the X— *Gazette*, and the reporter's answer, and even "Our Host and Hostess" (because such a dinner would be held at a public-house), and "Our Host's" few words of acknowledgment. Of each and all of these speeches, as they are always made, every word is remorselessly set down, and the presumably sober reader is invited to peruse in cold blood the largest possible amount of the oratory which Providence enables him to survive, when it is spoken in more moderate quantity, only by allowing him to be reasonably drunk.

Later, Mr. Brookfield supplies a similar specimen of a political speech, with directions how to make it. He himself composed and wrote it in "rather more than three hours" (which appears unnecessarily long), but he thinks it would take a less practised orator somewhere about a fortnight. First you think about it in your mind, then you write it all out, then you write an abbreviated copy of it to take about with you, and then a much more abbreviated copy to live in your pocket always, and you rehearse it upon all occasions. It is as much common form as the Commercial Dinner speeches. Of course the entire book is designed to show how dull, how wanting in originality, and how insufferably trivial a man may be in making speeches without getting shot for it; but there is every reason to fear that most of those who read it will take it in deadly earnest. It is the more sad because the title is so misleading. *The Speaker's A B C* suggests Mr. Peel and his melancholy experiences, and ought to be on this sort of principle:—"A. Alpheus . . . B. Brunner . . . C. Conybeare . . ." with any quantity of libellous biographical detail, such as Mr. Brookfield, having sat through the whole of the present Parliament, could have had no difficulty in supplying. Wherefore we are sorrowfully constrained to hope that they will be few; or, if numerous, extremely select.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GASTON BOISSIER made such an excellent contribution to the *Grands écrivains français* (1) in his "Madame de Sévigné" that superstition might almost have counselled him against a second venture in the same boat. He has tried, however, and has again come off completely successful. It is not sufficient to say that in each case he has had an unusually excellent subject. The good subjects are—at any rate in cases like this—those which get most written about, and in regard to which there is least left to say. But here, as before, M. Boissier has shown himself a master of this sort of writing. He has not fallen back on the cheap resource of bookmakers, the quotation of long stock passages from his author; he has not strung together what other people have said of his subject. He has studied it, and taken it in for and by himself, and the result is capital. In some respects M. Boissier has, we think, been happier than at least the usual French commentator on Saint-Simon. He has seen that Saint-Simon's apparently absurd overestimate of his colleagues the peers was a real attempt to construct some system of intermediaries between the dangerously far-apart entities of the King and the people. And he has seen also that Saint-Simon, despite his intense egotism, his violence amounting to brutality, his unforgiving temper, was in intention a scrupulously just and honourable man. He has, moreover, hit more happily than any one before him on the curious combination of rashness in planning and dislike of responsibility in execution which made the Duke miss his opportunity for actual statesmanship when it came at the Regency. These merits of view, seconded by an orderly and thorough treatment of the subject, both critically and biographically, and by a really excellent style—one of the half-dozen good styles left in France—make a book of quite exceptional attractiveness, which we trust, when it comes to be translated into English, will fall into better hands than those which have mauled some of its fellows.

A man must have rather unusual qualifications to deal successfully with the youth, or any other part of the life, of "Grandison-Cromwell" (2). He was from the beginning to the end of it such an utterly well-meaning person; he was to the end from almost the beginning such an utter and intolerable fool! For we may surely call that man a fool who is always ignorant of the tendency of his own actions, and who is always either exploited or scouted by the party with which he acts. Had La Fayette, however, died when the American war was over, he would have been comparatively *felix opportunitate*. The Republican Yankees were too glad to get hold of a real live marquis to be unkind to him, and La Fayette himself was too free from bad blood of any kind to make himself obnoxious to them. He showed almost as a soldier in contrast with the frequent bad management and the constant bad luck of the English generals. Perhaps a severe critic in the chivalry to which he made so much pretence might doubt the exact correctness of his conduct in going over to England and accepting the hospitality of the English Court and people, when, his own country being at peace with us, he was actually on his way, and had already made all his arrange-

(1) *Les grands écrivains français—Saint-Simon*. Par Gaston Boissier. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *La jeunesse de La Fayette*. Par A. Bardoux. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

ments, to go and help our rebels. But he was very young, and a man who could do such a silly thing as to leave a charming young wife, of whom he was dotingly fond, to go and help very businesslike and wideawake Republicans with whom he had no earthly business, some thousands of miles off, may be pardoned a little slip of the kind. La Fayette was always as silly as he was generous, and as generous as he was silly. M. Bardoux has not dealt ill with him, and we only wish the book had stopped before the Revolutionary period came. For in the American war La Fayette did at least know what he meant, which was to damage the hereditary enemy of his country, and that enemy can forgive him easily enough. In the Revolutionary business he did not in the least know what he meant, and the final execration of the Jacobins, the prison of Olmütz, and the perhaps more dismal later years in which he was made a tool, a screen, and a figure-head, by designing "Liberals," were the apt, if severe, punishment for his folly.

The ingenious M. Lhomme (3) has drawn upon some sources of French authors of the other sex, from Marguerite d'Angoulême to Mme. de Souza, to make a very good book of extracts, abundantly illustrated, with portraits, remarkably cheap, and well printed.

M. Charles Mismar (4) went out to Constantinople in 1867, and had various opportunities of seeing the underside of Turkish and Eastern politics. He was at first a journalist, then a confidant of Fuad Pasha, then an official under Aali in Crete, then for many years benefited in Egypt during the palmy days of French influence under Ismail. If these *Souvenirs* do not contain anything of the first material importance, they contain the reflections of a man of ability, if of somewhat visionary temperament. M. Mismar is strongly patriotic, which is quite right, but is far from violently Chauvinist.

In his book on "Napoleon and the Foundation of the Argentine Republic" (5) M. de Sassenay gives an account of two remarkable Frenchmen—Jacques de Liniers, and his own ancestor, the Marquis de Sassenay—who had to do with La Plata early in the century. Liniers was much concerned in those two disasters to British arms—the first under the gallant Beresford, and the second under the imbecile Whitelocke—which are not the prettiest passages of English military history. Sassenay was more of a diplomatist than a soldier; but he too had curious experiences. The book is modestly written, and deals with a not much known but interesting subject.

Of school-books we have before us a well-selected *French Reader*, by Messrs. Davis and Thomas (London: Whittaker), and of translations Mr. Huxley's *Les problèmes de la biologie* (Paris: Baillière et Fils).

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FRANCE of To-Day, by M. Betham Edwards (Percival & Co.), of which we have the first volume—a second is to follow—is undoubtedly a work inspired by a happy idea. Miss Betham Edwards styles her book "a survey, comparative and retrospective," and such it is, in the widest acceptance of the terms. "France," she writes, "is described as seen with my own eyes," and from this rule no departure is made. Her pictures of French industry and prosperity are based upon her own observation, but her comparison of present times and past is not entirely confined to the experience of previous visits and studies. The retrospect may be said to extend to the French Revolution; for when it has chanced that the writer, in her journeys through Gascony, Touraine, Burgundy, Provence, Auvergne, or the Gironde, followed in the footsteps of Arthur Young, the testimony of that traveller is cited, and serves to accentuate her impression of the growth of French prosperity in these present days. Education, provincial life, agriculture, land tenure are the chief subjects that engage Miss Edwards; yet English tourists in France may find much to attract them in her animated description of scenery and people, although the book is by no means intended to be a book for tourists. Just now, when we hear so much of small holdings and of schemes for checking what is called the "rural exodus," English readers of this volume will be greatly taken with the pictures Miss Edwards presents of French agricultural life and the success of peasant proprietorship. In all parts she was struck by the successful pursuit of the *petite culture*. "The peasant proprietor," she writes, "is the acknowledged arbitrator of the fortunes of France"; and, again (p. 205), she is not less emphatic in speaking of the great material and moral

gains that peasant proprietorship brings to the State and the individual. These pleasing pictures of a contented peasantry, living and settled on the soil, are, of course, not now new to English eyes. They have impelled a good number of people to ask why there should not be companion pictures in which the labourers of Wessex or East Anglia hold their own. These Utopian folk are given to overlooking the difference in the conditions—conditions, in fact, that no legislation can call into existence in England. Let us take, for example, not the larger farms of five to ten acres frequently held by French peasant proprietors, but the smallest, such as may be compared with the description of small holdings that Sir J. B. Lawes has recently discussed. In the two Pyrenean departments, as Miss Edwards remarks, we find the most primitive form of peasant proprietorship. The land is minutely divided, many proprietors owning merely a cottage and one field. So small are some of these holdings, that one owner lost all he possessed—cow, pig, cottage, &c.—by a fall of rock (p. 102). His neighbours, by the way, generously subscribed five hundred francs to repair the ruin. Yet there is "no real want" among these small owners, as a poor woman in the remote village of Osse assured Miss Edwards. Here, as elsewhere, the author was struck by the "self-sufficiency" of the system. These peasants literally live on their stock and crops. But they raise many crops in the season, growing wheat, maize, rye, potatoes, flax, &c. Here we find special crops, like flax, and climate and soil are adapted to the all-important culture of "catch crops," which, as Sir John Lawes says, is not possible with the small holder in England, save in some few very favoured districts. It is a question of frequent and varied crops against strict "rotation" cropping. Then, the French peasant proprietor, in addition to these strings to his bow, often is a breeder of horses, and owns cows, poultry, orchards, and vegetable gardens. With regard to improved agriculture in France, Miss Edwards has much to record, even within the last five or six years, as in her report on the peasant holdings of the Cher and the transformation of the country about Aigues-Mortes. But in France, nevertheless, they dream of the French artisan becoming a proprietor of land like the peasant, and then the condition of France will be *inébranlable*, as was remarked to the author by an enthusiast. Possibly we may hear a voice from a French Rothamsted corrective of this view. Possibly, also, we should hear more of a "rural exodus" in France if Certe and Marseilles, Bordeaux and Paris, were as accessible to the small holders of the South-West as are English cities to English agricultural labourers.

Mr. B. R. Wise, in entering upon the interminable controversy of Free-trade against Protection—*Industrial Freedom* (Cassell & Co.)—has taken up a position which entitles him to the respectful attention of all unbiassed persons. His experience in New South Wales as a staunch supporter of the policy of Sir H. Parkes, has taught him that the old conflict is not now to be fought out on the old battle-field. He writes not from the inflexible standpoint of the old Cobdenite. He recognizes the fact that there is a great revival of Protectionism everywhere, and his knowledge of Protectionist arguments of these latter days is sufficient for him to utilize some of the weapons of his opponents to their own discomfiture. Certainly in those sections of his book that treat of the "Revival of Protection" and the "Economic Argument," it seems to us that he is both adroit and effective in this most telling form of warfare. In the colonies the question is purely a political one. Working-men who know anything of the economic aspects of the controversy are few indeed. In Australia and America the general view is that tariffs of the McKinley type keep up the wage-rate, and it is in vain that Free-traders continue to produce scientific proofs that Protective tariffs cannot increase wealth. With high wages the Australian working-man will be Protectionist. Mr. Wise observes, with much force, that the centre of political power is altered, and Free-traders have to do with a very different class of voters from that which Cobden and his party addressed. "The working classes care more for a policy that promises high wages than for one that promises cheap goods." To dwell only upon the cheapening influence of Free-trade is as absurd, he argues, as the favourite argument of Protectionists concerning Cobden's disappointment that all the nations of the earth did not adopt his views and call him blessed. Free-trade must be justified to young countries in quite another way.

Education, in relation to the State, is the subject of an excellent and well-digested volume by Mr. James Williams—*Education* (A. & C. Black)—contributed to a very useful series of "Manuals of Practical Law." Dealing with highly technical matters—education and the law, it must be allowed, suggest a complex conjunction—this volume is marked by an admirable method and a thorough grasp of the whole field of education and its legal obligations. The legal cases cited, with regard to the Universities,

(3) *Les femmes écrivains—Œuvres choisies*. Par F. Lhomme. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(4) *Souvenirs du monde musulman*. Par Ch. Mismar. Paris: Hachette.

(5) *Napoléon Ier et la fondation de la république Argentine*. Par le Marquis de Sassenay. Paris: Plon.

endowed or other schools, are numerous, and, whether recent or old, English or American, are invariably interesting and illustrative. Altogether the information given is comprehensive, and the book as readable as it is instructive.

Sir Thomas Dyke Acland's *Introduction to the Chemistry of Farming* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Lim.) is a handbook especially designed for the use of the practical farmer, who in these days of Agricultural Colleges must be proficient in the elements of agricultural chemistry.

Dr. Albert Leffingwell deals with two demographic subjects under the title *Illegitimacy and the Influence of Seasons upon Conduct* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) Curious, in some ways, are the statistics given in this book, though with regard to some matters—e.g. the prevalence of suicide at certain seasons—the data are insufficient in the extreme. It seems, however, that suicide, murder, and acts of violence are most prevalent in spring and summer. And it appears the same discrepancies that are now to be noted of the illegitimate birth-rate in certain Southern counties of England compared with the North and Scotland generally have continuously prevailed during the last fifty years.

What to Do with our Boys and Girls, edited by John Watson (Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co.), is a collection of brief papers by various writers, whose aim is to suggest to young people new channels for work rather than new occupations. Advice of a practical kind, with valuable hints, are comprised in the chapter on "Mechanical Engineering," by Mr. Gilbert Gilkes, and in papers on colonial settling, by Sir G. Baden Powell and Sir Herbert Maxwell, the former dealing with Canada, the latter with "Australian Openings." With regard to the Post Office, and Civil Service appointments, there is much useful information in the contributions by Miss Clementina Black, Mr. George Murphy, and "A Civil Servant." On the subject of "Women as Trained Cooks" Miss Elizabeth Sholl writes excellent good sense. Altogether, though we cannot say that all the writers are exact observers of the editorial aim, the book ought to prove suggestive and helpful.

Among stories for children we can commend *In the Fire; and other Fancies*, by Effie Johnson (Elkin Mathews), with a frontispiece—a pretty flame-picture—designed by Mr. Walter Crane. The stories in this little book are brightly written, and in those that follow the example of *Æsop* the moral is deftly pointed and ingeniously illustrated.

The best thing about Mr. James Lowry's *Doll's Garden Party* (Leadenhall Press) is the work of the illustrator, Mr. J. B. Clark, whose pictures of a little girl entertaining her dolls—capitally drawn are the dolls—are quite of the right kind for children.

In *Mermaidland*, by Mrs. D'Arcy Evans (Digby, Long, & Co.), which is made up of four simple and short stories, and *The Rose, The Ring, and The Pearl*, by John Littelred (Sutton, Drowley, & Co.), call for little note, unless it be Mr. Littelred's notion of verse-making. It is nothing but unabashed, careless doggerel.

We have received *Crockford's Clerical Directory* for 1892; *The Shortcomings of the Machinery for Pauper Litigation*, by J. J. S., second edition (Williams & Norgate); *Recognition in Eternity*, a Sermon, by the Rev. James Fleming (Skeffington); *Last Year: the Events of 1891*, by T. B. Russell (Foxwell); *Reminiscences of J. L. Toole*, chronicled by J. L. Hatton, cheap edition (Routledge); *Uncle Bill's Children*, by Helen Milman (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Winnie's Hero*, by M. E. L. (Horner & Son); *The "Bijou" Byron*, Vol. VIII., comprising *Marino Faliero* and *Sardanapalus* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *The Devil's Visit*, a poem for the times, second edition (New York: Excelsior Publishing House); *Some Men of To-day*, sketches reprinted from "Home News" (Chapman & Hall); *Chambers's Expressive Readers*, Books I.-VI., a course of simple reading lessons; *Investors' Book-Keeping "on double entry principle,"* by Ebenezer Carr, F.S.A.A. (Effingham Wilson & Co.); the *Annual Report of the Astor Library* (New York: "Evening Post" Office); *The Scholastic Globe*, Vol. I., a weekly journal of education; *The Paper and Printing Trades Journal*, edited by John Southward, an illustrated quarterly; *The Irish Naturalist*, edited by G. H. Carpenter and R. Lloyd Praeger (Dublin: Eason & Son), a monthly journal devoted to all branches of Irish botany, zoology, and geology; and sixpenny editions of *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman* (A. & C. Black).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of M.S. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of M.S.S. sent in and not acknowledged.

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PARIS.

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THE UNITED STATES.

Copies are on sale at THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICES, 83 & 85 Duane Street, New York, and at Messrs. DAMRELL & UPHAM'S, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

The Annual Subscription, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d. or \$7 30, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

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THE CHURCH AND THE GENERAL ELECTION.

TO CANDIDATES, SPEAKERS, AND WORKERS.

For information on the question of Church and State, and the history and progress of the Church in Wales in particular, application should be made at once to the Church Defence Institution, 9 Bridge Street, Westminster, S.W., where all publications (including the books and speeches of Lord Selborne, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Gladstone, the Bishop of Durham, &c. &c.) may be obtained. Specimens of leaflets, and posters may be seen at the Depot, 30 Parliament Street, S.W.; or will be sent by post on receipt of six stamps.

A reprint of the scheme for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in Wales, to which frequent reference was made in the House of Commons in the Debate on February 23, will be ready on Friday, June 10.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—HANDEL'S ORATORIO, "JUDAS MACCABEUS," on Saturday, June 25, at 3.6, on Handel Festival scale. Solo Vocalists: Madame Albani, Madame Clara Samuelli, and Madame Patey; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Madwyn Humphreys, and Mr. Santley. Choir and orchestra, 3,500 performers. Organist, Mr. A. J. Eyre. Conductor, Mr. August Manns. Numbered seats, 11s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., may now be booked at the Crystal Palace, from ten to six daily, and at the usual Music Libraries.

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HOSPITAL SUNDAY, June 19, 1892. Any person unable to attend Divine Worship on that day is requested to send his or her Contribution to the Lord Mayor. Cheques and Post Office Orders made payable to the Secretary, Mr. HENRY M. COUSANCE, should be crossed "Bank of England," and sent to the Mansion House.

DR. FELIX ADLER, of New York, the Founder of the Ethical Movement in America, will deliver a LECTURE, at Princess' Hall, Piccadilly, next Sunday Morning, at 11.15, on "THE FUNCTIONS OF AN ETHICAL SOCIETY." The Public are invited.

BRITISH MUSEUM (Bloomsbury). **EVENING OPENING.**—During the month of July the Galleries usually OPEN from 8 to 10 P.M. will be CLOSED during those hours for alterations in the Electric Light plant, and will be OPEN from 5 to 8 P.M. instead. British Museum. E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, Principal Librarian and Secretary.

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Among other interesting items of the Programme will be the following:—
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RADLEY COLLEGE.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, 1892. Two of £50, one of £25, and one of £10. Examination begins July 13.—Particulars of Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

KING ED. VI. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Saffron Walden.—Two HOUSE SCHOLARSHIPS of the value of £20 and £15 will be offered for competition July 7.—Particulars on application to Rev. R. M. LUCKOCK, M.A., Head-Master.

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The FIFTY-SIXTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Company was held within their house at Aberdeen on Friday, June 10, 1892, when the Directors' Report was presented.

The following is a summary of the Report referred to:—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The PREMIUMS received last year amounted to £393,398 11s. 3d., showing an increase of £17,534 3s. 3d. over those of the previous year.
The LOSSES amounted to £194,547 16s. 1d., or 61½ per cent. of the premiums.
The EXPENSES of MANAGEMENT (including commission to agents and charges of every kind) came to £232,504 15s. 2d., or 59 per cent. of the premiums. After reserving the usual 3½ per cent. of the premiums to cover liabilities under current policies, a profit was earned of £235,391 5s. 6d.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

ASSURANCE BRANCHES.—The new assurances during the year reached in the aggregate the sum of £303,449. These new assurances yielded annual premiums amounting to £13,750 1s. 11d., and single premiums amounting to £287 19s. 3d.
The TOTAL INCOME of the Year (including interest) was £315,705 12s. 8d.
The CLAIMS amounted to £105,490 10s. 2d.
The EXPENSES of MANAGEMENT (including commission) were limited to 10 per cent. of the premiums received.
ANNUITY BRANCH.—The sum of £11,648 14s. 8d. was received for Annuities granted during the year.
The whole FUNDS of the Life Department now amount to £7,518,439 12s. 6d.

The Report having been unanimously adopted, it was resolved that the total amount to be distributed amongst the shareholders for the year 1891 be £75,000, being dividend of £5 2s. and bonus of 5s. per share.

London Board of Directors.

Colonel Robert Baring, M.P.
Ernest Chaplin, Esq.
Sir Philip Currie, K.C.B.
Alex. P. Fletcher, Esq.
Alex. Heun Goschen, Esq.
Wm. E. Hubbard, Esq.
Ferdinand M. Huth, Esq.
Henry James Lubbock, Esq.
William Walkinshaw, Esq.

Secretary.—H. E. WILSON.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—JAMES ROBB, Manager.

LIFE DEPARTMENT—THOS. H. COOKE, Actuary.

General Manager of the Company—JAS. VALENTINE.

Copies of the Report, with the whole accounts of the Company for the year 1891, may be obtained from any of the Company's Offices or Agencies.

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